

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 991

NOVEMBER 24. 1888

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

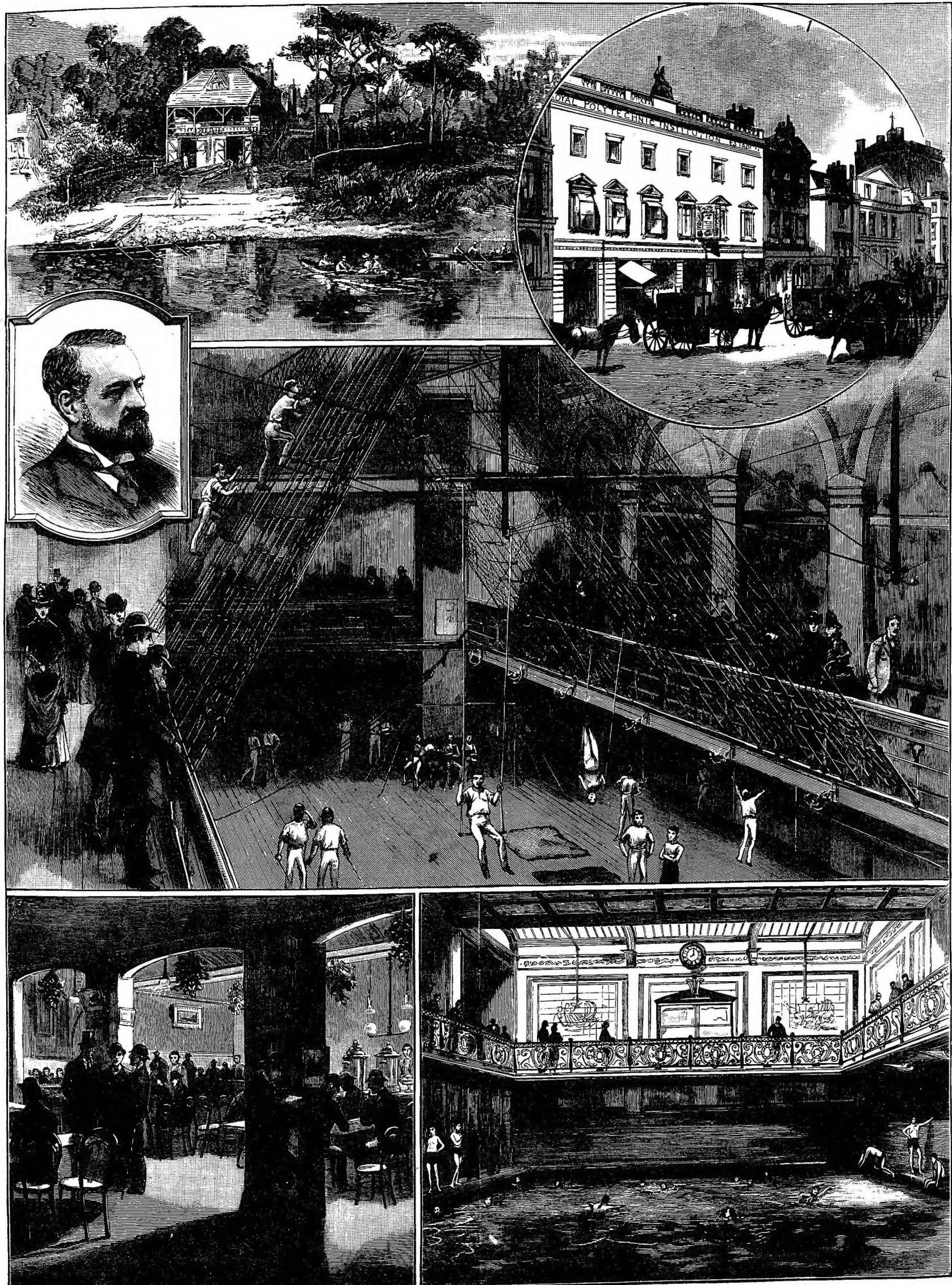
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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1888

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



1. The Exterior

2. The Boat-House at Chiswick

5. The Refreshment and Social Room

3. Mr. Quintin Hogg, Founder of the Institution

6. The Swimming Bath

4. The Gymnasium

THE POLYTECHNIC YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE, REGENT STREET



**LORD ASHBOURNE'S ACT.**—Only the most thorough-going of Mr. Gladstone's followers are of opinion that he made out his case in his long and somewhat tedious speech on Monday. No doubt the question of arrears is one of vast importance, but it is surrounded by difficulties, and to have attempted to deal with it in what remains of the adjourned Session would have been an utterly hopeless undertaking. Moreover, it has not been shown that Irish tenants are evicted because landlords insist upon the full payment of what is due to them. On the contrary, all the evidence goes to prove that landlords are perfectly willing to grant large abatements in cases where there is a chance of a fair and reasonable settlement of their claims. Dealing with the general question of the extension of Lord Ashbourne's Act, Mr. Gladstone had nothing to say that had not often been said in substance before. It is true, of course, that there are serious objections to the State even temporarily assuming the position of a landlord either in Ireland or elsewhere. On the other hand, the Act has hitherto worked well, and it is probable that in future it will work still better, since agriculture can scarcely remain much longer in its present exceptionally depressed condition. In the event of purchasers failing to meet their obligations, the State, as Mr. Goschen showed, has sufficiently good securities to prevent serious loss. If Parliament, in extending the operation of the Act, virtually pledged itself to adopt the same method for the complete solution of the Irish Land Question, the British taxpayer would have a good deal to say on the subject. But no such wild scheme is thought of. The Act will be used only in instances in which there is reasonable ground for believing that it can be used safely. It will be a force working in the right direction if it aids a considerable number of tenants to prepare the way for becoming owners of the holdings they cultivate. This seems to be the general feeling of the country, and it is doubtful whether, even among the Liberals who voted for Mr. Gladstone's Amendment on Wednesday morning, there were many who seriously regretted its rejection.

**COLONIAL GOVERNORS.**—Most Queenslanders, no doubt, would have been well content to have such a worthy and competent gentleman as Sir Henry Blake for their Governor; just as most Americans were satisfied to have Lord Sackville as the representative of Queen Victoria at Washington. But in either case there was a malcontent minority, who objected loudly and noisily; and, as this minority possesses votes which are of infinite importance in local contests, both Sir Henry Blake and Lord Sackville have had to retire in obedience to partisan exigencies. Such is one of the results of the much-vaunted system of Government by party. So long as there are only two parties, matters go on pretty smoothly. But let a third party arise, comparatively small in numbers, but well-disciplined, and with aims of its own, it soon begins to exercise an influence far in excess of its numerical importance. As for the immediate lesson to be learnt from the Blake appointment, it is evident that, in the case of the self-governing colonies, the method of nomination will have to be revised. In some way or other (the more informal it is, the better) the feelings of the colony which is about to be provided with a new Governor will have to be ascertained. The difficulty for the Colonial Office in Downing Street will be to distinguish between the general voice and the partisan voice of the colony. If the latter should be suffered to prevail, the newly-made Governor will find himself as soon as he lands, whether he likes or not, regarded as the nominee of a party. This would, of course, stultify the whole conception of a Colonial Governor, who is intended to be a Viceroy, that is, a personal representative of the Sovereign, and, as such, above and beyond all parties. Another difficulty also, though of minor public importance, also deserves attention. If the larger colonies should become very exacting in their choice of Governors, the men who have been trained to fulfil such functions will think themselves harshly treated. Hitherto, as in the diplomatic profession, there has been a pretty regular system of promotion; and the Governor who is stowing in West India Islands, or exposed to the malaria of the West African Coast, consoles himself with the thought of a good time coming when, on an ample salary, and in a climate endurable by white men, he shall preside over the destinies of a young nation composed of persons of his own lineage. Nevertheless, we may hope that the Blake incident was exceptional, and that, with tact and *savoir faire*, matters in the future may go on as smoothly as they now have for many years past.

**THE ANTI-SLAVERY CRUSADE.**—The adhesion of Portugal to the Anglo-German anti-slavery crusade is full compensation for the coyness of France. Poor M. Goblet, with his vapouring talk about "the dignity" of a flag which is habitually used to cover an infamous traffic in human beings, is like the proverbial donkey between two bundles of hay. He would like to pose at one and the same time as a resolute foe of slavery and as a stickler for the right of France to facilitate that abomination if she pleases. Fortunately, it is of very small importance whether the joint-

undertaking has French help or not. Now that the co-operation of Portugal has been secured, the three Powers ought to be able to establish a reasonably effective blockade along so much of the coast as the slave dealers use for shipping "black ivory." And that is all England aims at. Whether it stops the inhuman trade or not, she ought not to be induced by Bismarckian blandishments to take part in land operations. On that head there is, happily, such practical unanimity of feeling in this country as would restrain Lord Salisbury from obliging his astute friend at Berlin, even if he were disposed to do so. But the recent declaration of the Premier was too clear and emphatic about the scope of British co-operation to allow room for misgiving. It is much more a question, indeed, whether Germany will care to go on with the long labour of starving the slave trade by blockade, when she finds that it is not to be made the shoeing horn for a march into the interior. There is something slightly suspicious in the sudden access of philanthropy at Berlin. As a rule, the Teuton is not "built that way;" philanthropy has an unpractical look to his exceedingly practical mind, because it does not produce any material results from which he and the Fatherland can derive profit. But an inland expedition to the lakes might be made to pave the way for territorial aggrandisement, followed, perhaps, by the establishment of a German trading monopoly. As that would not at all suit British interests, but very much the contrary, Prince Bismarck must pardon selfish John Bull if he declines to be partner in the undertaking.

**THE WAR-FEELING.**—There can be no doubt that during the last week or two there has been a revival of what may be called the war-feeling on the Continent. It cannot be said that there is any new or very definite cause for alarm. On the contrary, some symptoms are distinctly more favourable to peace than they were a short time ago. France, for instance, has begun to show that she would like to establish more friendly relations with Italy, and Italy has responded to her advances with considerable cordiality. Nevertheless, all over Europe there is a vague feeling that there are grave dangers ahead, and that at any moment some unforeseen incident may act as the signal for the outbreak of a frightful conflict. Russia is undoubtedly to a large extent responsible for the existence of this dread. She has been comparatively quiet lately; but the objects of her policy are the same as they have been for many a year, and it is certain that, if she tried to attain them by crushing the liberties of any of the Balkan nationalities, she would make a general war inevitable. Then the internal condition of France cannot but cause anxiety, since any sudden and violent change could hardly fail to lead to foreign complications. The new Russian Loan notwithstanding, it is improbable that there will be war in the near future; and, if anything is said in the German Reichstag about immediate perils, we may be sure that this will be due simply to a desire on the part of the military authorities for a larger standing army. But it would be foolish optimism to suppose that Europe may not be within measurable distance of the calamities about the possibility of which so much is being said. The international jealousies of our day are too numerous and too bitter to permit us to look forward with confidence to the steady maintenance of peace.

**INTIMIDATION AND ESPRIT DE CORPS.**—Among the many charms which distinguish the Parnellite brigade in the House of Commons may be noted an attorney-like aptitude to pin down their opponents to exactitude of expression. On Tuesday night Mr. Dillon, in an impassioned speech against the extension of the Ashbourne Act, took occasion to boast that the combined action of the League and of the Plan of Campaign had reduced the value of Irish land from twenty to seventeen years' purchase, and had caused some five thousand farms to remain untenanted. In commenting on this speech, without professing to quote exact words, Lord Hartington remarked that the honourable member had exulted because the action of the National League had rendered it impossible for an "evicted" farm to be occupied safely by any other tenant. The word "safely" brought Mr. Dillon to his feet. He indignantly denied that he had used the word, and added that there was not a single syllable in his speech indicating that the result had been achieved by intimidation. Quite possibly not, it was scarcely necessary; for all the world knows by this time the gentle, suasive methods pursued by the enemies of landlordism in Ireland. Lord Hartington, however, went on to say: "I want to know what the honourable member means by intimidation, or by what means he and his friends will take care that these farms will not be let again?" It was an Englishman, we grieve to say, who replied to this home-thrust. Mr. Morley coolly said that intimidation was not the word for it—it was *esprit de corps* on the part of the tenants, a phrase constantly used by the leaders of trades' unions. If he refers to the Sheffield trades' unionists of the Broadhead days, we can quite understand that *esprit de corps* is an appropriate phrase for the methods used by the Leaguers and Campaigners for keeping "evicted" farms untenanted. But is it not pitiable to note how statesmen, once men of repute, have been degraded by their alliance with these "patriots" from the Emerald Isle? When the Great Master styles boycotting "exclusive dealing," and the mutilation of cattle "an occasional deviation from humanity," no wonder his henchmen imitate the evil example.

**Bribing Public Officials.**—Flushed with his recent victory over the Metropolitan Board of Works, Lord Randolph Churchill turns from the bribe to the briber, and demands the condign punishment of that insidious tempter. There is sense in this new crusade; the public have heard plenty and to spare lately about the vileness of those who accept *douceurs*, but those who give them are dealt with tenderly as if it were in the eternal fitness of things for rich men to corrupt poor men. So it used to be considered in electioneering affairs, but the nation has contrived to disestablish the "man in the moon" by making him share punishment with his victims. This is what Lord Randolph Churchill wishes the Government to take in hand, basing his request on a recommendation in the Report of the Royal Commission on the Metropolitan Board of Works. The Commissioners, refusing to discriminate between corrupt giver and corrupt receiver, recommended that it should be made a criminal offence for any public official to give or receive a bribe. But why not go a little farther? If it be wrong for a public functionary to bribe a private person, it would appear to be equally heinous for a private person to bribe a public functionary. Suppose, for instance, that some rascal was to go down to Woolwich Arsenal, and, by the power of money, tempt some needy *employé* to betray his trust, where would be the justice of sending the tempted to prison while the tempter was let off scot free? As the First Lord of the Treasury has given a half-pledge to introduce legislation on the subject next Session the Government will have plenty of time to devise a measure on logical and just lines. There should be the same sauce for the goose and the gander; equally hot and equally pungent; and then, perhaps, the multitude of governing bodies which are about to come into existence will be saved from such scandals as those which have clouded the last days of the Metropolitan Board of Works. It was mainly through the unscrupulous acts of outside tempters that its long-unblemished reputation suffered stain.

**GENERAL BOULANGER.**—Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has said a good many rather wild things in his time, but it must be admitted that he often writes suggestively about matters in which he is strongly interested. His letter about General Boulanger, printed the other day, shows that he has an intimate knowledge of France, and that his opinions on French politics, when he chooses to publish them, will always be worth studying. Perhaps he expresses too favourable a view of General Boulanger's character, but there is no reason to suppose that he overrates the new Pretender's power. The truth is, as Mr. Blunt says, that many causes have co-operated to undermine the Republic. Foremost among them are the frequent Ministerial changes, which have practically led to the supremacy of the permanent officials, and provided innumerable opportunities for jobbery and corruption. Mr. Blunt also lays stress on the extravagance of the Republic in finance, and on its "senseless persecution of religion;" and there is certainly much truth in what he says on these subjects. The result of all the blunders and follies of the last seventeen years is that Frenchmen have become restless and discontented; and it will not be surprising if, as Mr. Blunt predicts, the majority of them should turn to General Boulanger, and ask him, by some means or other, to deliver them from the dangers by which they find themselves confronted. Whether the General, if raised to the position of Dictator, would be able to do all the wonderful things expected of him, is another question. He would have a host of enemies, and the temptation to maintain himself in power by foreign adventures might prove to be irresistible. In that case, France would once more learn, by bitter experience, that it is a doubtful advantage to step from the frying-pan into the fire.

**BOULEVARDS FOR LONDON.**—Compared with Paris, and indeed, with all the larger towns of the Continent, London is very badly off for boulevards—in fact, it is doubtful whether we can show a genuine boulevard at all, presuming that the term implies a thoroughfare possessed of a broad footway, ornamented with trees, and abundantly provided with seats. Neither the Thames Embankment nor such a street as the Gray's Inn Road (along the southern part of which some trees have been planted) precisely accord with this definition. But in several directions opportunities exist for creating these popular resorts, and notably in what used to be known as the New Road from Paddington to Islington, but which has of late years been divided under three distinct names, that is to say, the Marylebone, Euston, and Pentonville Roads. When this road was laid out in the year 1757, a special enactment was made that no buildings should be erected within fifty feet of the public highway, the idea being that the private gardens with which the fronts of the houses were ornamented would thus be preserved in perpetuity. Gradually, as land increased in value, and the thoroughfare lost its suburban character, this edict was set at nought, and one-storey buildings were erected over some of the gardens in question, but the bulk of them still remain, though as a rule sadly smoke-stained and neglected to what they were even thirty years ago. As besides the particular enactment above referred to, there is a special Act, dated as recently as 1862, forbidding the erection of buildings on vacant ground in front of houses within fifty feet of the footway, it is proposed that the Vestries should secure these gardens, throw down the party walls, and make them into really ornamental pleasure-grounds. The owners

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and inhabitants of the houses in question would benefit greatly by the change, as they would be provided with a convenient footway close to their dwellings, while the desolate gardens, by the aid of flowers and foliage, would speedily be converted into scenes of delight.

**THE NATIVE ARMIES IN INDIA.**—Those who remember certain events that happened during the Indian Mutiny will not feel altogether hopeful about the result of appointing British instructors to the armies of the native princes. That these raw troops will be improved in drill and discipline goes without saying. But the question presents itself as to whether it be sound policy to increase the efficiency of forces neither paid by nor under the control of the Indian Government. As they are at present, these native levies bulk largely on paper, but very few have any military value. Hoikat and Scindiah can put some serviceable troops in the field, and the Nizam is also credited with a limited contingent of some fighting capacity. It may be safely estimated, nevertheless, that out of the grand paper aggregate of more than 300,000 men, not more than a sixth deserve the name of soldiers. All the rest are the veriest riff-raff, maintained purely for show, and no more capable of taking part in a campaign against disciplined troops than so many coolies would be. But among them, there is a large mass of the right sort of raw material, which only needs fashioning into shape to become an effective force. This is the experiment, then, that Lord Dufferin has set on foot once more after it had been dropped for thirty years. At the time of the Mutiny, the Gwalior army was officered as well as instructed by Englishmen, on the same system as the Company's native troops. And like them, it threw off allegiance to its ruler, took the field, and, thanks to its superior discipline, compactness and unity, proved harder to crush than any force brought against us. No doubt, circumstances are greatly changed; not only is the European army in India twice the strength it was when the Mutiny broke out, but all the arsenals and fortified places of any importance are in its hands. Still the fact remains that we are resuscitating a system which broke down miserably at the first serious trial in 1857. The native princes may be loyal enough, but they cannot guarantee the loyalty of their troops any more than the Gwalior chief could.

**THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.**—The Empress Frederick has been received in England with unmistakable cordiality. This is due only in part to the facts that she is the Queen's daughter, that she occupies a great position, and that her sorrows, nobly borne, have excited universal sympathy. Her popularity springs also from the recognition of the qualities of her personal character. As the Crown Princess, first of Prussia, then both of Prussia and of Germany, she had often a difficult part to play, and she invariably played it well. During her husband's short reign, too, she acted with admirable courage and discretion. Some observers seem to be of opinion that Liberal ideas have been almost wholly crushed in Germany by Prince Bismarck's rigid rule. There could not be a greater mistake. So long as the mighty Chancellor is in power, the Liberal party will continue to hold a subordinate place; but it has always retained the allegiance of the majority of the educated classes, and there can be little doubt that by and by it will do a good deal more than recover the ground it lost after the wars with Austria and France. The indirect influence of the late Emperor before he came to the Throne had much to do with the vitality of German Liberalism, and he himself never concealed to how great an extent he had derived his enlightened ideas from his wife. It may without exaggeration be said that for many years she has been in her adopted country one of the most powerful representatives of the tendencies that make for peace and for wise government. Her exalted rank will continue to place within her reach great opportunities of usefulness, and we may hope that she will be strengthened for her future duties by her temporary sojourn in England.

**CANING IN BOARD SCHOOLS.**—We are glad to observe that Lord Meath, who is always to the fore in any work of practical benevolence, is about to take action on this subject. But do not let any sentimentalist suppose that Lord Meath is about to advocate the total abolition of corporal punishment in Board Schools. On the contrary, it is the teachers, not the scholars, whom he wants to protect. Magistrates, he says, have in several cases lately inflicted heavy fines on Board School teachers who have had the courage to maintain discipline in their schools, and he desires to take steps which shall afford them reasonable protection. It is a noteworthy and not altogether reassuring fact that the poor resent this old-fashioned method of punishment far more than the rich. The cane and the birch are still in vogue (though less profusely used than they were forty years ago) in our great public schools, and it is rare to hear of any remonstrance on the part of a parent. Whereas in the Board Schools, teachers are often either summoned before a magistrate, or liable to be punched by the fist of an irate parent. The explanation probably is that many of these parents have no conception of the advantages of true discipline. In their own treatment of their children they alternate between hurtful indulgence and downright brutality, and therefore they regard the teacher who deliberately inflicts bodily pain as a cruel tyrant, refusing

to grant to him the parental privileges which they claim for themselves as a matter of course. We should be loth to assert that the teachers are never in the wrong, but, on the other hand, corporal punishment carefully administered is really the most humane penalty for certain forms of misconduct, which, if unrepressed, would speedily convert a school into a bear-garden.

**COREA.**—For the second time, a report comes from Tientsin that Russia, ignoring the suzerainty of China over Corea, has established a Protectorate over that little-known peninsula. The news is so pregnant with possible consequences, that the public should exercise scepticism until it is fully confirmed. Unless Russian policy has suddenly undergone a startling change, this annexation would be opposed to its fundamental prescriptions. For one thing, it would mean war with China for a possession which can never be of very much value, except for its spacious harbours. Is it easy to conceive, then, that the Czar would be willing to enter upon a probably long, and certainly trying and exhausting, conflict for such a paltry prize? It may be said, perhaps, that many of Russia's recent conquests in Central Asia have no higher value. That is true; but they were the means to an end, and could be attained with comparative ease, whereas the appropriation of Corea would lead to nowhere, and would be doggedly resisted by the most populous country in the world. If the news be confirmed, it may be accepted as a proof, at all events, that the Czar has abandoned the Bulgarian Question and other European problems leading in the direction of war. He would have quite enough work on his hands in the Far East without troubling the peace of Europe; for not only would the Chinese attempt to regain Corea, but Great Britain would be under compulsion to look after her interests in the Pacific. It might even come to pass that these two threatened Powers would make common cause against the intruder. Japan, too, claims some vague rights in Corea; and, as she has no particular liking for Russian neighbourhood, her Government might be disposed to lend a hand in the work of ejection. All this belongs to the future, however; for the present, it suffices that if Russia has really "rounded off" her Asiatic possessions at the expense of the Celestial Empire, she had better prepare for the event more carefully than she did when she grabbed Kuldja, and had meekly to restore it to the Chinese. Corea is a bigger handful than Kuldja, and even more difficult to be reached.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "TYPE OF BEAUTY, XVIII.", from the painting by Arthur Hopkins, R.W.S., exhibited at "The Graphic" Gallery.



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**"LITTLE MOTHERS,"** Sixteen Sketches by W. RALSTON, illustrating  
**"FAITHLESS NELLYGRAY"** By TOM HOOD.  
Nine Sketches by MARIE, of  
**"THE PERILS OF ILLITERATE CHILDREN."**  
**SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?** Painted by J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I.  
**"THE FIRST ATTACK,"** Painted by SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A. (Double Page.)

**"TWIXT TWO WORLDS,"** Painted by A. HOPKINS, R.W.S.

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**"PRINCESS SUNSHINE."** By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL  
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THE POLYTECHNIC YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE

The Polytechnic in Regent Street has been much before the public lately in connection with the schemes for the formation of technical institutes in the metropolis, which are to be largely aided by the funds at the disposal of the Charity Commissioners.

The old Institute in Long Acre having become too small for its ever-increasing members, the Polytechnic building was purchased and fitted up by Mr. Quintin Hogg at a cost of some 60,000/, and here has been developed a system of technical education, which has caused the Institute to be accepted as a model for the coming technical institutes.

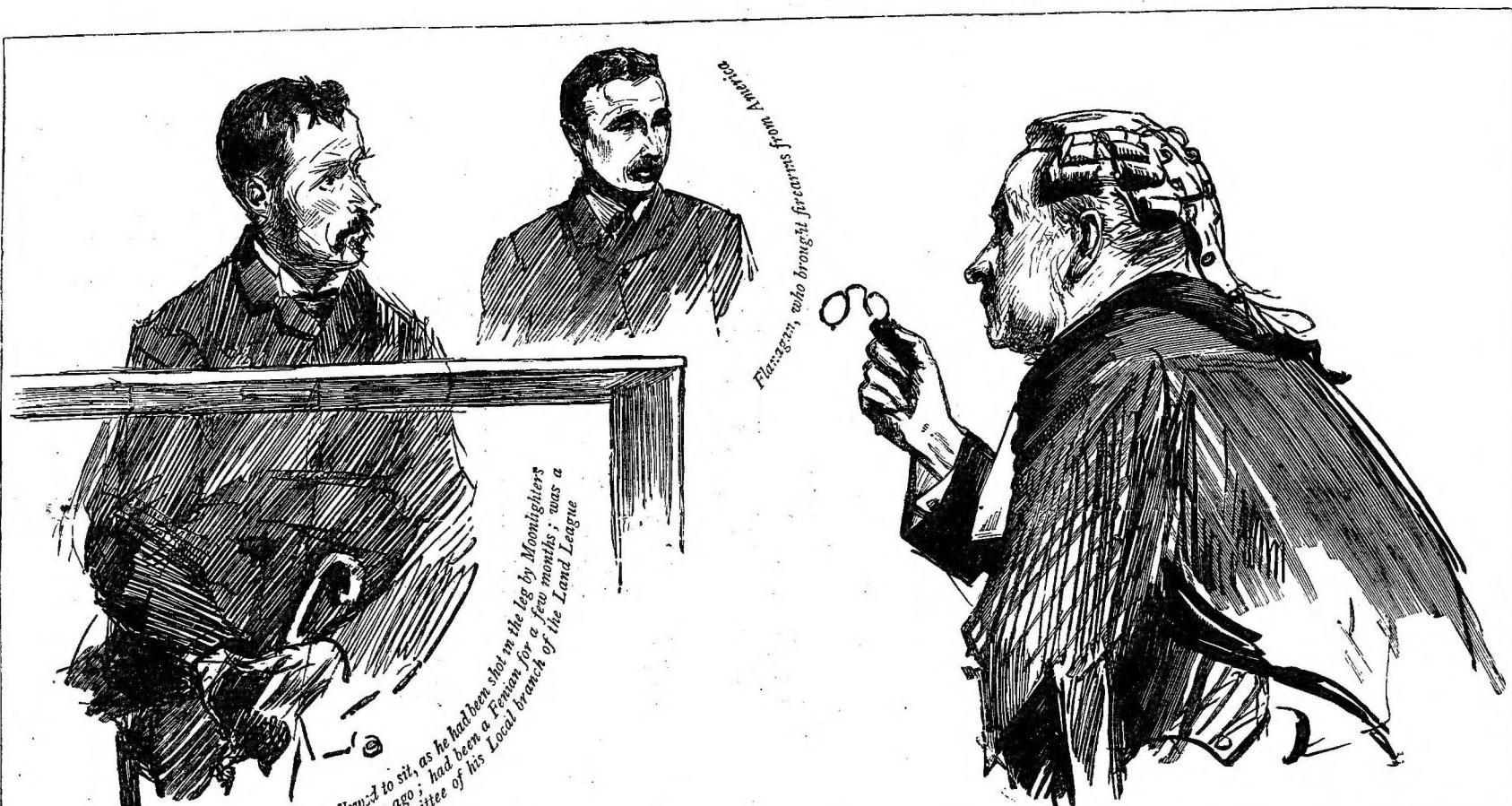
During its comparatively short existence, the Polytechnic has had a remarkably successful career, which is partly explained by the fact that it aims at providing an outlet for all the energies of young men, whether physical, intellectual, social, or religious. Thus in touch with every true need, it has attracted large numbers, and has now some 4,000 members, while a great many candidates are always awaiting admission.

On the physical side it has its Athletic, Cycling, Harriers, and Ramblers Clubs, with a fine ground of twenty-seven acres at Wimbledon, a boat-house at Chiswick, a large gymnasium with 1,300 members, and one of the handsomest swimming baths in London.

The Educational Department includes some two hundred classes, attended, last session, by over 7,000 students, whose numbers are likely to be still larger this year, while attached are Boys' and Girls' Day Schools of over 600, and Schools of Art, Engineering, Photography, Watchmaking, &c.

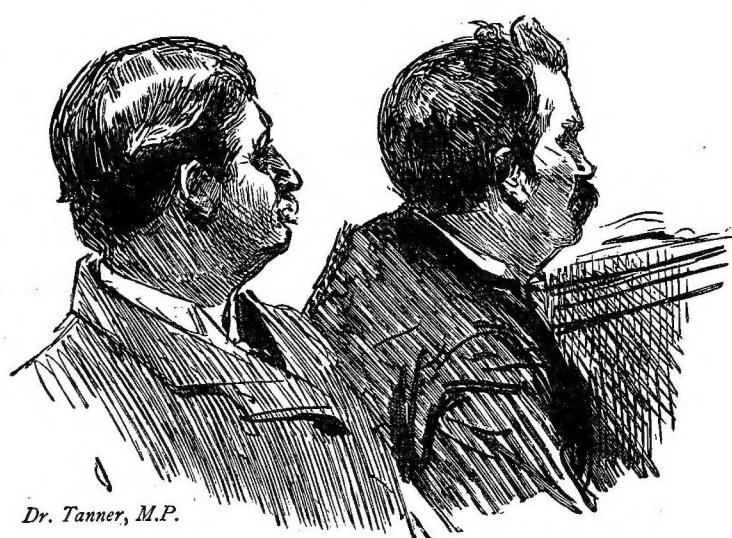
Numerous clubs for mutual improvement in various subjects are also formed by the members and students.

During the winter, courses of popular lectures on science, temperance, and other subjects are given, in addition to which the Large Hall of the Institute is crowded every Saturday evening by an audience who are entertained by vocalists, aided by the Institute's



Hoarty was allowed to sit, as he had been shot in the leg by Moonlighters two or three years ago; had been a Fenian for a few months; was a Member of the Committee of his Local branch of the Land League

Sir Charles Russell cross-examining a witness : "Now, on your oath, Sir"



Dr. Tanner, M.P.



The Usher and the "Shan Van Voght," a loquacious old lady, who wanted to tell her story in her own way

Mr. Edward Harrington, M.P.



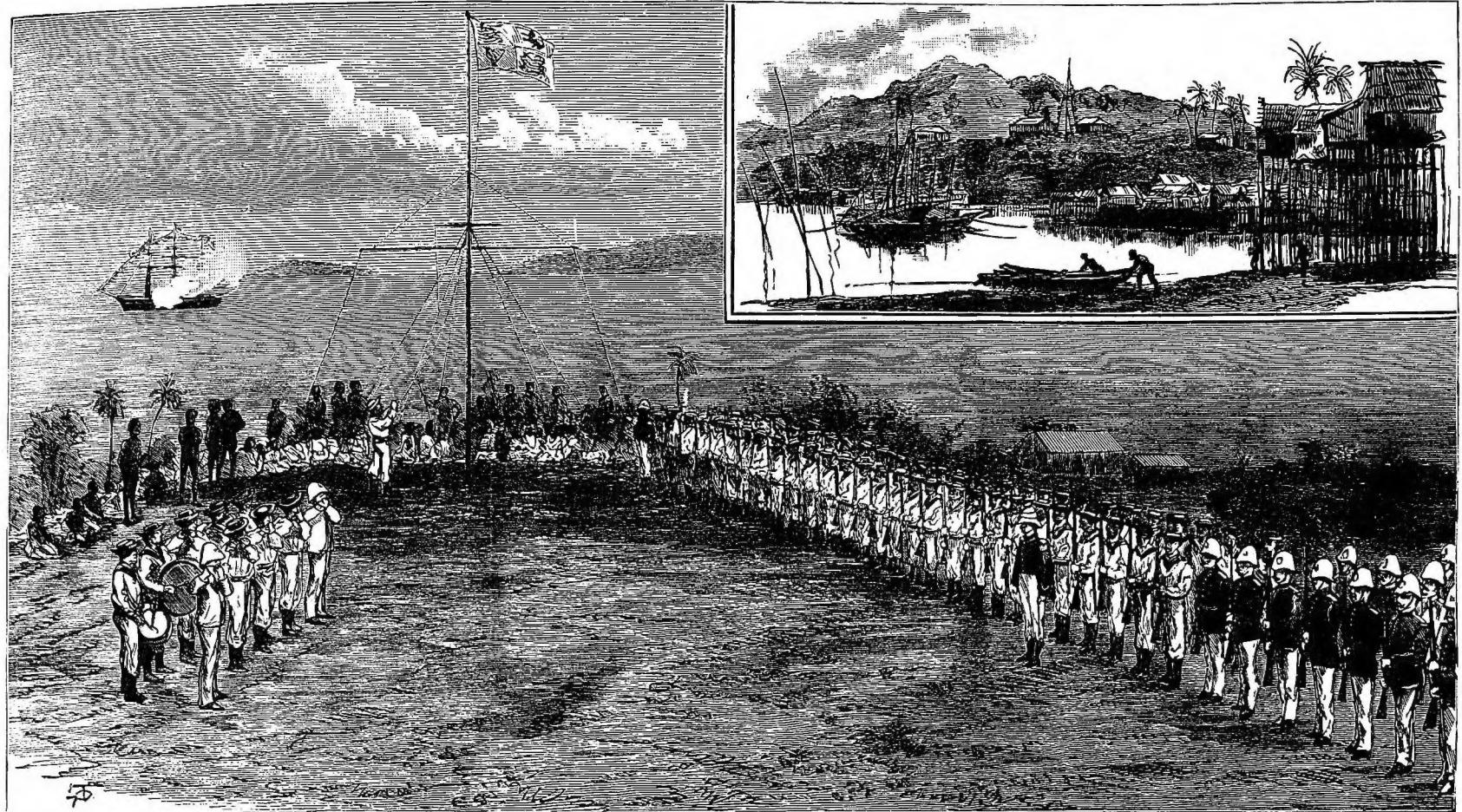
Owen Morgan, herd to John Birmingham.—"Have you a gun?" "What is that, Sir?" (laughter) —"Have you a gun?" "No, Sir."—"Had you a gun?" "Had I a gun, Sir?"—"That is my question" "I had not any such thing, Sir"



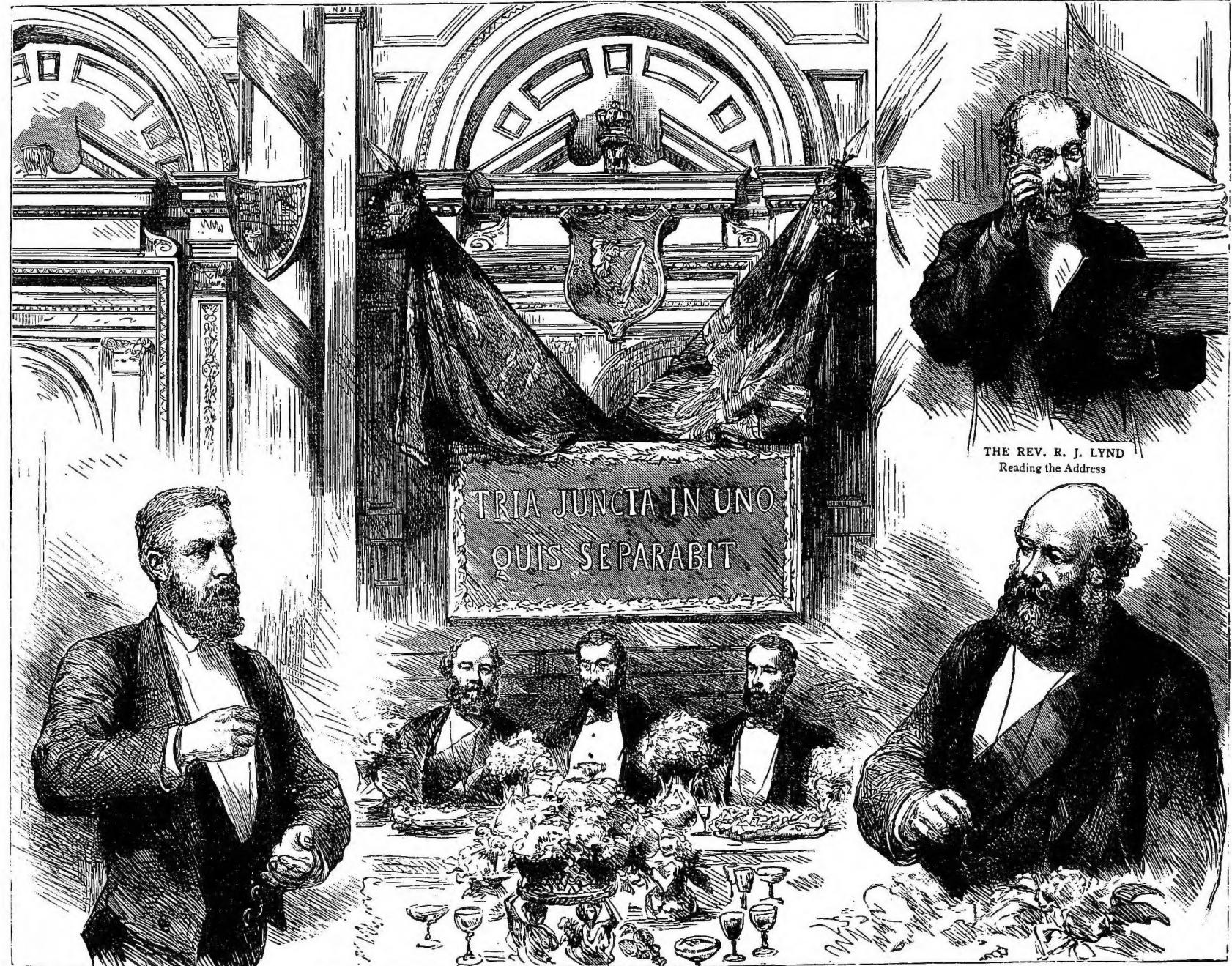
Giles Rate who had his right ear cut off by Moonlighters, for serving a writ.—Sir Charles Russell : "What paper do you read?" "The 'Times,' Sir." (Laughter)

Lady Mountmorres giving her evidence

THE MISSION STATION AND NATIVE VILLAGE AT PORT MORESBY



PORT MORESBY: HOISTING THE BRITISH FLAG FOR THE FIFTH TIME—CHILDREN OF MISSION SCHOOLS SITTING AT THE FOOT OF THE SIGNAL MAST  
ANNEXATION OF NEW GUINEA AS A CROWN COLONY, BY DR. WILLIAM McGREGOR, C.M.G., THE NEWLY APPOINTED ADMINISTRATOR



"The Protestants of Ireland would *not* submit."

LORD SALISBURY  
Conservatism

SIR G. CHUBB  
Nonconformity

LORD HARTINGTON  
Liberal Unionism

"If three people are sitting upon two people, and rifling their pockets, you must not say they are a group of five enjoying the blessings of self-government."

BANQUET GIVEN TO LORDS SALISBURY AND HARTINGTON BY THE NONCONFORMIST UNIONIST ASSOCIATION

own military or orchestral band, by a thought-reading *séance*, by a dioramic lecture, by a series of readings, or perhaps by one of Mr. Villiers' *Graphic War Lectures*.

Here every Sunday afternoon Mr. Hogg delivers an address to young men, while in the evening the hall is crowded by a mixed congregation attending the Evangelistic service.

This year was opened close by (in Langham Place) a 'Young Women's Branch, with about 600 members, which bids fair to be as successful in its own way as is the older Institute.

The cost of the work of the Polytechnic has hitherto been borne solely by one man, Mr. Quintin Hogg, who has, roughly speaking, spent 100,000/- upon his scheme, and who every year has to meet a somewhat large deficit. The Commissioners of City Charities, empowered to apply large sums of money for educational purposes, have therefore been approached, and they have promised an endowment of 2,500/- a year, provided that a sum of 35,000/- is raised by subscription. 4,000/- is still required before their offer can be accepted, and Mr. Hogg relieved of the heavy and continuous drain upon his purse. The Institute, which has cost Mr. Hogg so much both of time and money, is now an accepted model for all similar institutions, which have for their object the advancement of technical education and the benefit of the young working men and women of our great city.—Our portrait of Mr. Quintin Hogg is from a photograph taken at the Polytechnic School of Photography.

#### THE PARRELL COMMISSION

TAKING our engravings (most of which refer to the proceedings of the Court during last week) as nearly as possible in chronological sequence, the first depicts a witness named Edward Flanagan, who went to New York in 1879, and there became acquainted with one Meaney, who was a member of the Land League in Ireland, and had become President of a Land League in America. On his return, being arrested for having firearms in his possession (which Meaney had asked him to bring over), Flanagan received three months' imprisonment. Next came Michael Hoarty, who was a member of the Land League at Shanaglish, County Galway. James Ford, of Tubber, in the same county, described how he had rented an acre of grass-land from a Mr. Lattey, who had been boycotted, and how, in consequence, he (Ford) was beset by Moonlighters, and narrowly escaped assassination. When the Court re-assembled on Friday, November 16th, the second witness was Lady Mountmorres, whose husband was barbarously murdered in September, 1880. He was



Thomas Clifford, shot in the thigh by a party of Moonlighters for taking care of a farm from which a tenant had been evicted

a very small landlord, the rental from his estate being only 50/- a year. During her cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell, who pressed her very severely about questions of dates, Lady Mountmorres fainted, and had to be assisted out of Court. John Bermingham is a farmer at Kinvarra, who, in the same month that Lord Mountmorres was murdered, was shot at, strictly boycotted, and had his sheep and cows mutilated. Owen Morgan, who was herd on John Bermingham's farm, gave evidence of the difficulty of procuring provisions during the boycotting. He created some amusement by the way in which he answered the question: "Have you a gun?" Pat Gannon, who had fought in the Crimean war, where he was shot through the jawbone, described how, on April 1st, 1881, his house was entered by Moonlighters, and a shot was fired at his knee. Pat Sullivan, steward and bog-keeper to a gentleman at Killarney, told how he was shot at and wounded, in consequence, it appeared, of his having asked a tenant to give up possession of a farm. Being afterwards asked whether he had been



Pat Gannon (who had been shot in the jaw in the Crimea) was wounded in the knee by Moonlighters for the crime of paying his rent

talking to either of the Mr. Harringtons, Mr. Edward Harrington stood up in the well of the court, and made some very indignant remarks. Giles Raie, an old man of seventy-four, a writ-server of Killiney, County Kerry, described how, after serving some writs on the Blennerhasset estate, he was unable to get any provisions but bread, and had his right ear cut off (this was in January 1886) by a party of disguised men who entered his house. Edward Herbert, a publican at Ballyduff, and also bailiff to the County Court Judge, told how, up to 1881, he was on good terms with his neighbours, but after that he and his family were boycotted and maltreated, he himself being shot at and severely wounded in June, 1886, while driving home from Tralee. Thomas Clifford, who had been employed as caretaker on an evicted farm, told how he was wounded in the legs by a party of Moonlighters.

#### THE ANNEXATION OF NEW GUINEA AS A CROWN COLONY

THE annexation of the British portion of New Guinea as a Crown Colony was proclaimed on September 4th, by the new administrator, Dr. William M'Gregor, C.M.G., on his arrival at Port Moresby in H.M.S. *Opal*. On that day a considerable force of blue jackets and marines were landed as a guard of honour. The Royal standard was then hoisted on the signal mast on shore, and Dr. M'Gregor read the Queen's proclamation, and afterwards the usual patents and commission, from the balcony of Government House overlooking the square, where the men and natives were drawn up. The native converts, chiefly women and children in bright European dresses, were seated at the foot of the signal mast. The *Opal*, a mile and a half off in the bay, saluted as the standard went up, while the men presented arms and the band played "God save the Queen." "The natives," writes the officer to whom we are indebted for our sketches, "appeared apathetic, and unable to realise the meaning of the ceremony, but very quickly stamped when the *feu de joie* took place, as they evidently took it as a personal matter." After the ceremony Dr. M'Gregor made a very neat and appropriate speech. The new Governor is a man of powerful physique, very resolute and thoughtful, skilled in the profession which he has now given up, and well able to withstand fatigue and bad climate." The other sketch shows the native village of Hanuabada with the Mission Houses, flags hoisted in honour of the occasion, and also some "lakatois" anchored in mid-stream ready for sailing on their long yearly cruise to the Papuan Gulf, whether they take cargoes of earthen pots to barter for sago. The lakatois are formed of four or five large canoes, or "assis," firmly lashed together, with a raft deck, and a wicker framework above it, divided into compartments for holding the earthen pots. They are manned by thirty or forty men. On this occasion nearly the whole male population were about to sail, and for four months the villages would be inhabited only by women and children. The *Opal* left New Guinea on September 6th, with Mr. Romilly, the retiring Commissioner.

#### THE IRISH NONCONFORMIST BANQUET

ON the evening of Wednesday, November 14th, Lords Salisbury and Hartington were entertained at a banquet in the Hotel Métropole by the Nonconformist Unionist Association, the occasion being the presentation to their lordships of an address from Irish Nonconformist Ministers. Sir G. Hayter Chubb, Vice-President of the Association, occupied the chair, and the others present, besides the two distinguished guests, included the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, the Rev. R. J. Lynd, and various ministers representing the Methodist, Congregational, and Baptist Churches. As Lord Salisbury remarked, the name Nonconformist is unsuitable now that there is no Established Church in Ireland, but it serves conveniently as a generic label for those Protestant Christians who do not belong to the Episcopal Communion. We gave an account of the speeches delivered at this banquet last week, it will be sufficient therefore to remark on this occasion upon the significance of the gathering. Out of 900 non-episcopal Protestant Ministers in Ireland, 864 signed the Unionist address, and a large number even of those who did not sign approve of its spirit. Before the fatal split of 1886, all these men were in the forefront of the Liberal party in Ireland, now they are necessarily opposed to the Rump of that party as represented by Mr. Gladstone. Such is one of the melancholy results of that shifty politician's readiness to promise anything provided that thereby he can climb back into power.

#### THE EARL OF LUCAN

LORD LUCAN had never missed attending the Annual Balaklava Dinner since his return from the Crimean War until the last anniversary, when he was kept away by serious illness, and this illness resulted in death on November 10th. George Charles Bingham, the third Earl of Lucan, belonged to a family of Dorsetshire origin, which distinguished itself three centuries ago in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and a branch of which then settled in Ireland. He was the son of the second Earl by the third daughter of the last Earl of Fauconberg, and was born in London in 1800. He was educated at Westminster, and in 1816 entered the Army. After only ten years' service, owing to interest and judicious exchanges, he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the 17th Lancers. He was, however, no mere holiday soldier, for he joined the Russian Army as a subaltern in the Russo-Turkish War of 1828, and was present at the siege of Varna. From 1826 to 1830 he sat in Parliament as M.P. (Conservative) for Mayo. In 1839 he married the seventh daughter of the sixth Earl of Cardigan. In 1839 he succeeded his father as third Earl, and in 1840 was elected a representative Peer of Ireland. When the Crimean War broke out in 1854, although for seventeen years he had done no military duty, he was, in accordance with the custom of those good old days, selected to command the Cavalry Division in the Army of the East. His brother-in-law, Lord Cardigan, commanded one of his brigades, and as they both had proud, unaccommodating tempers, Lord Raglan had no small difficulty in reconciling their differences. The most noteworthy event in Lord Lucan's Crimean career was the Balaclava charge—that magnificent blunder—in which he was slightly wounded. For his services during the campaign he was created a K.C.B., and received sundry other honours. Lord Lucan is succeeded by his son, Lord Bingham, late Lieutenant-Colonel and Captain, Coldstream Guards, who served as Aide-de-Camp to his father during the Crimean War.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Maull and Fox, 1874, Piccadilly, W.

#### THE EARL OF ONSLOW, K.C.M.G.

IT is stated that Sir William Jervois will retire next March from the Governorship of New Zealand, and that the appointment has been conferred on Lord Onslow, who made himself very popular during the sittings of the Colonial Conference, of which he was the Vice-President. William Hillier Onslow, the fourth Earl and a Baronet, was born March 7th, 1853, and was educated at Eton and at Exeter College, Oxford. He succeeded to the title in 1870. He is High Steward of Guildford, and a D.L. and a J.P. for Surrey. He was a Lord in Waiting to the Queen in 1880, and again in 1886-7. He was a Delegate at the Conference on the Sugar Question in 1887, and in February of that year succeeded Lord Dunraven as Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. In 1875 he married the Hon. Florence Coulston Gardner, daughter of the third Lord Gardner, and by her has issue, a boy and two girls.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

#### A CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM-YACHT "VICTORIA," IX.—TUNIS

TUNIS is rapidly becoming as imbued with the French element as is Algeria. The Tunisian capital has its *cafés* at every street corner; Parisian shopkeepers expose their wares in every thoroughfare, and pale-faced sons and daughters of Gaul parade its pavement in numbers which threaten soon to predominate over its native inhabitants. Sketch No. 5 shows a new industry, which, on this account, has sprung up—namely, the polishing of black boots. Nos. 3 and 4 show the difference between the new and old citizens; while No. 2 depicts the wonderment of an untutored child of the desert on beholding the tailor's dummies exhibited in front of a

French outfitter's shop. No. 1 is the interior of a third-class carriage on the Tunis-Goulette Railway. The construction of these carriages is simple and airy, and they travel as smoothly as one might expect from their rude appearance. No. 6 is one of the coloured bread-vendors who are commonly seen in the streets of Tunis.

To our European ideas the combination of white bread and black hands is, perhaps, the reverse of attractive, although it is ungallant to say so, seeing that the vendors belong solely to the fair (?) sex. No. 7 is the Place de la Bourse, whose name bespeaks its importance as a locality. Here mounted men on camels and horses intermingle, and twist in and out amongst a motley crowd of Tunisians and French in scarlet fezes, parti-coloured turbans, brown and white flowing garments, black coats, and the blue uniforms of the army in possession, presenting as brilliant a picture as one can well imagine.

#### THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE, PARIS

THE new Institution which has been built for the treatment of the patients who come to Paris to undergo M. Pasteur's inoculatory treatment against hydrophobia, as well as for the experimental researches of the great scientist, is situated at the extreme south end of Paris—just off the Boulevard de Vaugirard, and behind the Invalides. The building has been constructed with a special view to giving plenty of space to all the various sections which will be quartered there, for not only will there be rooms for the reception of patients, but all the researches which have made M. Pasteur's name famous will be carried on with all attainable conveniences. There are two separate buildings connected by a covered gallery, and the spacious grounds outside have been provided with kennels, hutches, &c., for the reception of the animals which are required for experimental purposes. The Institute has been established by a fund—including handsome subscriptions from the Czar, the Emperor of Brazil, and the Sultan—amounting to 100,000/. Of this 60,000/ has been spent in building—leaving 40,000/ as an endowment fund. The grants made by the Government have hitherto been about 5,000/- a year, but M. Pasteur's wish is to obtain a sufficiency of subscriptions so as to render the Institute independent of the State. The opening ceremony was attended by President Carnot and his Ministers, the Presidents of the Chamber and Senate, and other prominent officials, and the first speech was made by M. Bertrand, the Secretary of the Academy of Sciences. This was followed by a statement read by Dr. Grauer, M. Pasteur's first lieutenant, who gave an interesting account of the work which has already been achieved. Since the middle of 1885, when the two first human beings were inoculated, 5,384 persons have been similarly treated, and the rate of mortality, which was 1·34 during the first year, has been reduced to .77 in the first half of this year—this rate comprising the deaths of persons in whose systems the poison was fairly established when they came to be treated. There are now twenty similar laboratories—seven in Russia, five in Italy, one each in Roumania, Austria, Brazil, Cuba, and the Argentine Republic, while two more will shortly be opened at Chicago and in Malta—the last-named being the first established on British soil.

#### THE NEW GREAT INDIAN PENINSULAR RAILWAY VICTORIA TERMINAL BUILDINGS, BOMBAY

BOMBAY, the second city in the Empire, can now boast of the largest modern architectural work yet erected in India, and the Victoria Terminal Buildings, the name given them on Jubilee Day, are believed to be the most extensive in the world. The execution of this work occupied ten years, and was completed at the end of May last. The total length of the principal, or west, *façade* of the building is over 1,500 feet. The cost of the buildings was about twenty-seven lacs of rupees. The author of the design is Mr. F. W. Stevens, F.R.I.B.A., A.M.I.C.E., late of the Public Works Department, who also supervised the erection of the buildings from the commencement to the end.

The site on which the buildings are erected is one of the finest in the city, and faces that on which it has recently been decided to erect the new Municipal Buildings, of which Mr. Stevens is also the architect. The style of architecture adopted is a free treatment of Venetian Gothic with an Oriental feeling, which has been proved to be the best adapted for the climate of Bombay. The principal feature of the edifice is the large central masonry octagonal dome, which has a very fine and dignified effect, and can be seen from all parts of the city. The dome is of solid cut-stone masonry, and its construction is exposed to view both inside and out. It crowns the grand central staircase of the administrative offices. The drum is pierced by eight two-light lancet windows, glazed with stained glass of ornate design, the arms and monogram of the Company being freely introduced. The apex of the dome is crowned by a colossal figure in stone of "Progress," 16 feet 6 inches in height, which has a very imposing effect from below. The principal gables are crowned with groups of colossal sculpture representing Engineering, Agriculture, Commerce, Science, and Trade, and under a canopy below the large clock in the central gable is placed a beautiful statue of H.M. the Queen-Empress, typical of the State, the railway being guaranteed by the Government. On the piers of the large central entrance-gates to the Administrative Offices are placed colossal figures of a lion and tiger, representing respectively the United Kingdom and India. Medallion heads, in full relief, of various noblemen and gentlemen, who have interested themselves more or less in railway enterprise in India, have been placed in the circular panels over the outer arches of the corridors. The statuary and heads were executed by Messrs. Earp and Son, Lambeth, under the direct supervision of Mr. W. Emerson, architect.

The interior of the buildings have been most skilfully arranged, and fitted up in an appropriate and artistic manner. Coloured polished marbles and granites have been used in the halls, waiting-rooms, and refreshment-rooms, which have an imposing and pleasing effect. All the foliated sculpture was designed and modelled by Mr. Gomez and the students of the Bombay School of Arts, under the able supervision of Mr. J. Griffiths, the Principal. The whole of the work has been carried out by native workmen in a most substantial and workmanlike manner, and is equal to anything of the kind in Europe.

The Government of Bombay have recorded the eminent services rendered by Mr. Stevens in connection with this vast work, and the Directors of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway Company have marked their appreciation of his services by recommending him an honorarium of 5,000 rupees.

#### THE NEW LYRIC CLUB

THE members of the Lyric Club, finding their old quarters in Bond Street too straitened, have removed to magnificent premises adjoining the Prince of Wales's Theatre in Coventry Street.

The building, which was formerly a hotel, has been altered to suit the needs of the Club from designs by Mr. C. J. Phipps, the well-known architect.

It is a building of eleven floors. The basement and a portico of the ground-floor have been so amalgamated as to form a beautiful little theatre, decorated in white and gold by Mr. Campbell. This theatre is suitable for concerts and similar entertainments, and really is the central point of the whole house.

The rooms have been decorated in different styles. The Smoking-room is formed into an Algerian "divan," with very charming nooks and corners. Little coffee-tables, easy-chairs, and lounges



PRESENTED WITH "THE GRAPHIC," NOVEMBER 24, 1888

"TYPE OF BEAUTY," No. XVII.—By ARTHUR HOPKINS, R. W. S.

FROM THE PICTURE EXHIBITED AT "THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY.

scattered about, afford every facility for smoking in luxurious ease. The Billiard-room is decorated in the dark oak and very sombre surroundings of the Early Stuart period. The Library is arranged in the style of the Scottish Baronial period.

Another little room has its walls clad with bamboos, and forms a portion of the charming suite of rooms in which lady guests will be entertained. An oak-panelled room forms part of this suite. Quaint Chippendale furniture gives a home-like appearance of comfort, which, indeed, pervades the whole Club. Another Drawing-room is in the Louis Seize manner. The great Dining-room of the Club is also designed in that ornate and cultivated style. The entresol has been converted into a quaint corner by means of Cairene screen-work and Eastern fabrics, associated with the name of "Liberty," which firm has designed the decoration of all the apartments, with the exception of the Concert Hall and the bedrooms. The staircase, on to which this opens, is lighted with charming little lamps in wrought-iron, illuminated by the electric light, as also is the whole building. In the suite of bedrooms furnished in the

A feature of the Club is the suite of bedrooms furnished in the prevailing tastes—white enamel and various other approved styles.

The "house-warming" took place on Tuesday evening last. The Prince of Wales was to have been present on the occasion, but was unavoidably prevented from attending.

ACROSS GREENLAND ON SNOW SHOES

MUCH relief has been felt at the safe accomplishment by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the adventurous Norwegian naturalist, and his companions, of their perilous journey across Greenland. Since the little party left the Norwegian whaler *Jason*, on July 17th, when they were deposited on the ice-rib outside the Sermilik fjord, on the east coast of Greenland, at about 65 deg. 30 min. N. latitude, nothing whatever had been heard of them until news was brought by the steamer *Fox*, from Ivigtut, that Dr. Nansen had arrived at Godthaab, on the west coast, on October 3rd. It appears that, when placed on the ice-rib, they were unable to reach land for twelve days, owing to screwing ice and whirlpools, through which it was impossible to cross, but they were eventually able to land at Andretok, north of Cape Farewell, and about 61 deg. N. latitude, and then, going further northwards, they reached Uminik, from which point they began their journey on August 15th. Dr. Nansen at first directed his course towards Christianshaab, but subsequently made for Godthaab. Some snowstorms and much heavy ground were experienced, and a height of 10,000 feet was attained—the temperature being 40 to 50 degrees below zero (centigrade). For several weeks the party remained at an altitude of over 9,000 feet, their progress being hindered by tremendous storms and loose new-fallen snow. Towards the end of September they reached the western coast above Godthaab, and thence had a perilous descent on ugly and uneven ice, but, eventually, reached the Ameralik fjord safely. There they managed to build a kind of boat from the floor of the tent, bags, bamboo reeds, and willow branches, and in that frail craft Dr. Nansen and a seaman named Sverdrup rowed along the coast to Godthaab, leaving their four companions, for the time, at Ameralik. The last steamer had left Godthaab for the winter, but hearing that the *Fox* was loading at the cryolite mines at Ivigtut, some 300 miles distant, Dr. Nansen sent two kajak men with letters for Mr. Gammel, who supplied the funds to the Expedition, and a message to the Captain to wait until Dr. Nansen and his colleagues could reach Ivigtut. The Captain took the letter, but was unable to wait, as he was afraid of being frozen in, so that Dr. Nansen cannot reach Europe until next spring. Dr. Nansen, who for some years has been Curator of the Old Hanseatic Museum at Bergen, is twenty-eight years of age, and is reckoned to be one of the best athletes in Norway. He was the champion *ski* (snow-shoe) runner of Christiania, and last winter prepared himself for this expedition by crossing the Norwegian mountains on snowshoes, dragging a sledge after him, and sleeping in a bag in the open air. In the present expedition he was accompanied by three Norwegians, Messrs. Sverdrup, Dietrickson, and Kristiansen, and by two Laplanders, Ole Ravna and Samuel Balton—all, with the exception of the first-named Lapp, being about thirty years of age. The Expedition which, as we have said, was fitted out chiefly at the expense of a wealthy Danish merchant, Mr. A. Gammel, took with them all the usual appliances for Arctic travel, though in as concentrated a form as possible. These consisted of five light sledges, a light boat on runners, twelve pairs of Norwegian *ski*, several pairs of Canadian and Norwegian snow-shoes, and, Alpine ropes of the best English make and quality. Their food supplies consisted of dried beef, bread, flour, chocolate, &c., but no alcoholic stimulants whatever. Though Dr. Nansen has crossed Greenland at a much lower latitude than he had at first intended, the experiences of his perilous journey cannot fail to be highly interesting, and will probably add much to our knowledge of that hitherto unexplored region.—Our illustration is from a photograph taken before the departure of the expedition. It shows the expedition in their travelling costumes, and their sledges, *ski*, and Canadian snow shoes, Dr. Nansen being seated in the centre.

## THE ARRIVAL OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

THE Empress Frederick of Germany, accompanied by her three daughters, left Berlin on Sunday evening on a lengthened visit to Her Majesty at Windsor. The Emperor saw his mother and sisters off at the station, bidding the Empress a specially affectionate farewell. At Flushing the British Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* was in waiting, with the Prince of Wales and Prince George on board, who had come over to escort the Empress to Port Victoria. The voyage was calm, and the Thames was reached between eight and nine on Monday morning. On rounding Garrison Point, the yacht, which was flying the German Imperial ensign, was saluted by H.M.S. *Duncan* and the fort, and then steamed up to the South-Eastern Railway pier, which was duly decorated for the occasion, a guard of honour of the 67th Hampshire Regiment, under Captain M'Bean, being mounted at the terminus. The Royal party remained on board until the arrival of the Queen, who travelled from Windsor that morning in order to greet the Empress, accompanied by the Princess Louise, the Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke of Cambridge, and Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador. Her Majesty was received at Port Victoria by the Prince of Wales and his son Prince George, and went at once to the pavilion on the quarter-deck of the yacht, where the Empress was awaiting her. After remaining there a quarter of an hour, the Royal party entered the train, and proceeded to Windsor by way of Waterloo.

"TYPE OF BEAUTY." XVIII.

"TYPE OF BEAUTY," XVIII.

THIS engraving, from the drawing by Arthur Hopkins, is the last of the series of "Types of Beauty" which we have published from time to time, and which have been very popular. They have been in demand, not only at home, but in every part of the world, and have been reproduced in Russia, Germany, France, Spain, Sweden, and the United States. Mr. H. H. Johnston, the African explorer, tells how he once fell into the power of a savage African potentate, and appeased the autocrat by daily presenting him with a *Graphic* "Type of Beauty" for the adornment of his tent, receiving in return on one day a cow, on another a goat, and so on. The "Types of Beauty" which have already been issued are by the following artists, the number of the paper in which each appeared being given in brackets after the name:—No. 1, Frank Dicksee (561); 2, F. H. Calderon (582); 3, G. D. Leslie (582).

4, E. Long (608); 5, J. J. Tissot (622); 6, Sir F. Leighton (630); 7, Paul Baudry (634); 8, H. Lévy (645); 9, G. A. Storey (682); 10, P. Morris (690); 11, C. Durand (724); 12, Marcus Stone (733); 13, J. Goupil (842); 14, L. Alma Tadema (878); 15, P. A. Cot (936); 16, G. Jacquet (941); 17, C. E. Perugini (982); 18, Arthur Hopkins (991). All these numbers are obtainable on application to the publisher. We shall shortly begin to issue engravings of the series of twenty-one Shakespearian Heroines, the originals of which are now being exhibited at the Graphic Gallery, Brook Street, Bond Street.

## "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 553.

## A PRIMA DONNA'S HOME

See page 554



THE TEMPLE OF THE MUSES near the ancient Thespie, on the slopes of Mount Helicon, is being explored by French archeologists. Valuable finds have already been made, including Ionic columns, bronzes, and numerous inscriptions dedicating statues from the Thespians to Sylla and Agrippa.

THE AUTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRATED MURDERERS are eagerly bought up in France. Just now Frado's signature is worth about 15s., while 2*l*. is willingly paid for a scrap of writing by another criminal hero of the day, Henri Chambige, who committed a murder in Algeria under mysteriously romantic circumstances.

THE PROPER DATE to assume winter clothing is solemnly decided by the Chinese Government every year. Thus, the inhabitants of Shanghai were commanded to put on the "warm cap," or winter headgear, on October 5th. This is rather like the rule in prim, old-fashioned British households not to allow fires before a certain date, be the weather what it may.

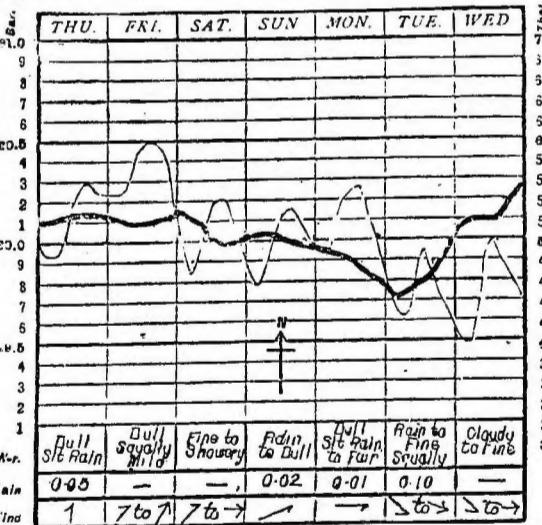
A REMARKABLE ELECTIONEERING WAGER was made by a Baltimore man on the American Presidential choice. He was flirting hard with two girls, and could not decide which to marry. Accordingly, he bet against the Republicans with the brunette, and against the Democrats with the blonde, promising to marry whichever fair lady won the bet. He is now engaged to the Harrison champion, the brunette damsel. So says the *New York Herald*.

A GAME OF CHESS has been going on for five years between two players living respectively in Australia and Newark, U.S.A. They make their moves by letter, the American sending his communications by way of Europe and the Suez Canal, while the Australian prefers to post across the Pacific to California and over the continent. The latter now wishes to complete the game by telegraph, the loser to bear the expense, but his opponent, who is considered to be very near defeat, refuses.

LONDON MORTALITY slightly increased last week, and 1,619 deaths were registered, against 1,520 during the previous seven days, a rise of 99, but being 75 below the average, and at the rate of 19.7 per 1,000. These deaths included 124 from measles (an increase of 15), 31 from scarlet-fever (a rise of 3), 44 from diphtheria (an increase of 10), 17 from whooping-cough (a rise of 2), 15 from enteric fever (a rise of 1), 16 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 2), and not one from small-pox, typhus, ill-defined forms of fever, or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 374, an increase of 1, but were 61 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 60 deaths; 55 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 21 from fractures and contusions, 12 from burns and scalds, and 14 of infants under one year of age, from suffocation. Three cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,606 births registered, against 2,770 during the previous week, being 188 below the average.

*WEATHER CHART*

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1838



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (21st inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—In the course of the past week the weather has remained in very unsettled state generally, and heavy gales have been felt in most places. Towards the close of the time showers of hail, snow, or sleet were prevalent in the North-West and North, and thunder and lightning were reported from several of the Northern Stations. These disturbed conditions have been due to some very important depressions which have skirted our Northern Coasts in a North-Easterly direction, and to others which have appeared off the Western Coast of Norway. At the beginning of the week pressure was highest over Germany and the South of France, and while on Thursday (15th inst.) a depression lay off the North-West of Scotland, and produced strong Southerly winds and rain very generally, a new disturbance of far greater depth and importance had advanced to the same coast by the following morning. As the mercury had fallen very rapidly over our Northern Coasts (lowest readings 28° 5 inches), and risen somewhat over France (highest readings 30° 5 inches), the intervening gradients became extremely steep, and the resulting Southerly gales over Ireland on the night of Thursday (15th inst.), and those from the Westward over Scotland in the course of Friday (16th inst.) were consequently very severe. Rain fell generally, but was very heavy in the Hebrides and the Shetlands only. As this depression moved away in a North-Easterly direction, and grew somewhat deeper on its journey, the anticyclone in the South decreased slightly in height, and spread more to the Westward, and although the Westerly gale slowly subsided, no material improvement in the weather (speaking broadly) was observed. By Tuesday, however, another deep depression was found off the Coast of Norway (lowest readings 28° 4 inches), and gradients for heavy Westerly and North-Westerly gales became established over nearly the whole country with squally rainy weather still continuing in all places. By this time temperature had fallen considerably generally, and showers of hail, sleet, or snow had become rather prevalent in the North of Ireland and over Scotland, with thunder and lightning in some parts of these countries. Temperature was high during the greater part of the week, but fell somewhat

The barometer was highest (30.23 inches) on Wednesday (21st inst.) ; lowest

The barometer was highest (30.23 inches) on Wednesday (21st inst.) 29.73 inches) on Tuesday (20th inst.); range 0.50 inch.

The temperature was highest ( $60^{\circ}$ ) on Friday (16th inst.); lowest ( $40^{\circ}$ ) on Wednesday (21st inst.); range  $20^{\circ}$ .

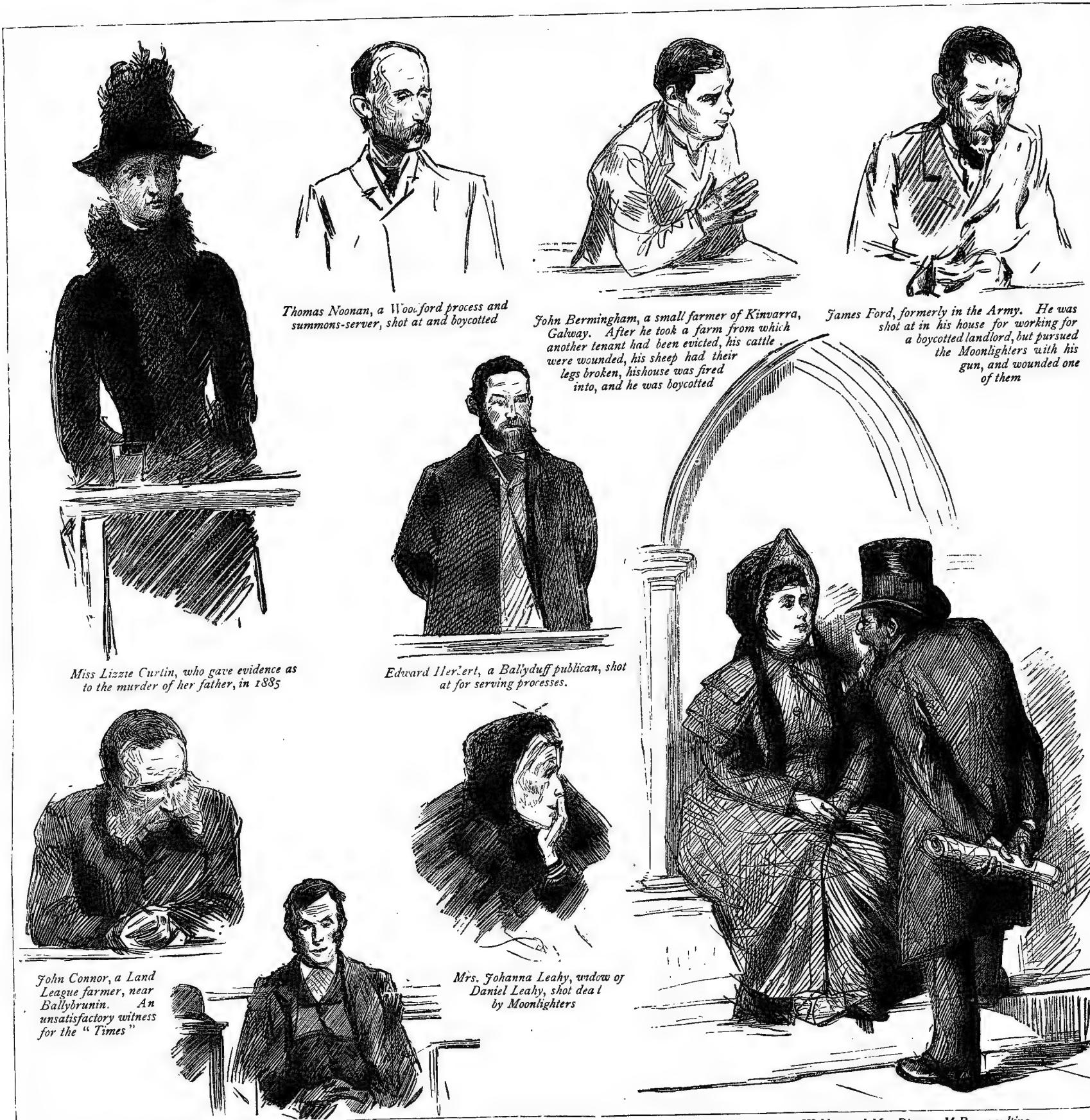
Rain fell on four days. The total day o' 10 inch on Tuesday (10th inst.,

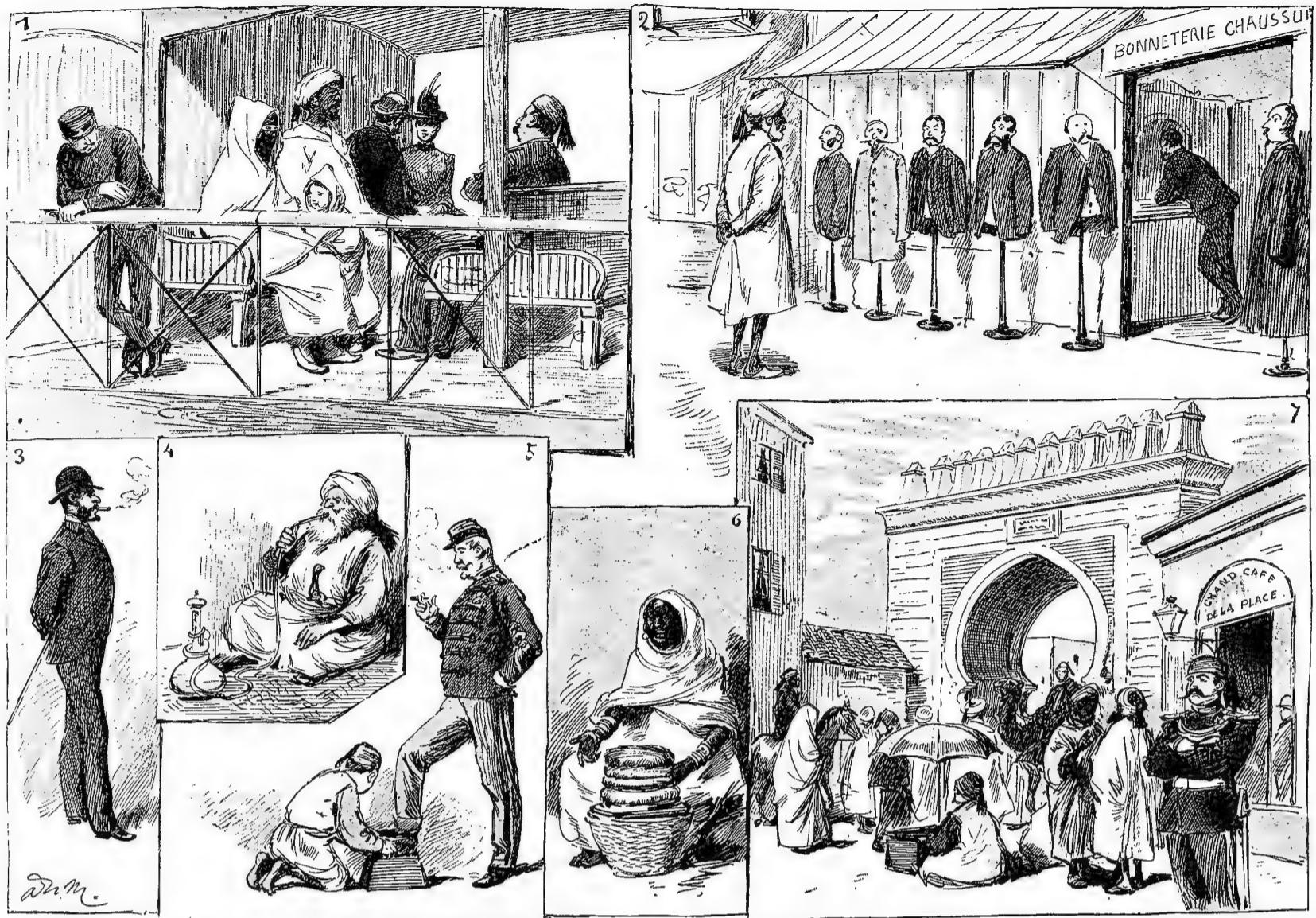


FIELD-MARSHAL THE EARL OF LUCAN, G.C.B.  
Born 1800. Died November 10, 1888



THE EARL OF ONSLOW, K.C.M.G.  
The New Governor of New Zealand



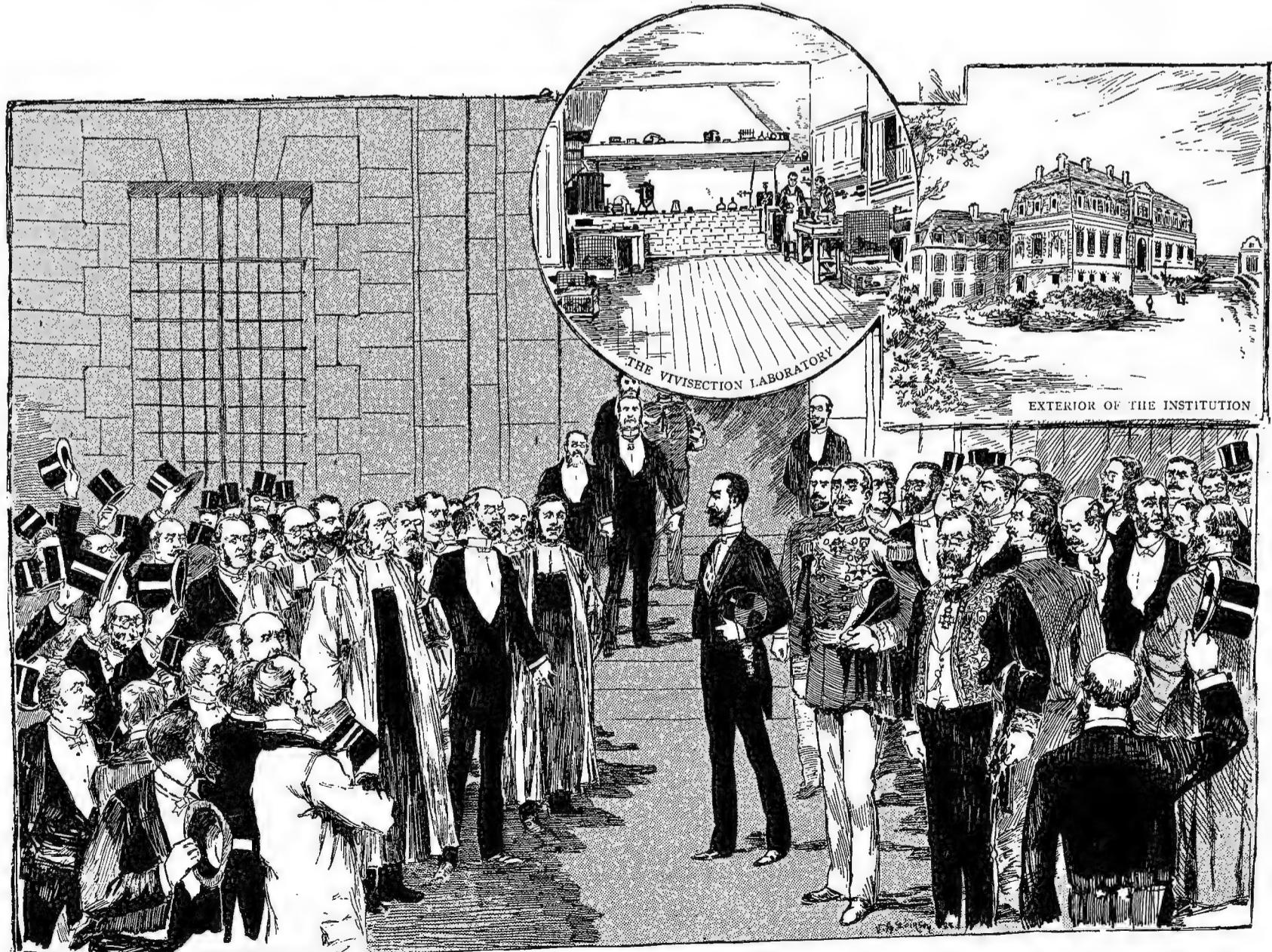


1. On the Railway—Third Class to Tunis  
2. A Fashionable Tailor's Shop in Tunis—Studying the latest Parisian Styles

3. A Citizen of Tunis—New Style  
4. A Citizen of Tunis—Old Style  
5. A New Industry in Tunis

6. Black Woman Selling Bread  
7. Place de la Bourse, Tunis

A PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM YACHT "VICTORIA," IX.—TUNIS  
FROM SKETCHES BY MR. A. M. HORWOOD



THE ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT CARNOT  
OPENING OF THE NEW PASTEUR INSTITUTE, PARIS



EAST AFRICA and the forthcoming blockade continue to arouse much discussion and comment throughout Europe. In France M. Goblet, who is manifestly afraid that his countrymen should think that he is acting in concert with Germany, or that he has made concessions which all his predecessors have refused for the past half century, has "corrected" Lord Salisbury's recent statement that France would join in the naval operations, and permit vessels under her flag to be searched for slaves. M. Goblet now declares that the right of search for contraband of war would be conceded according to international law if Germany and England established an effective blockade, but that the right of search for slaves would not be included in this. France, moreover, would take no part in the blockade, but would send an extra ship of war to the district to supervise vessels sailing under French colours "so that they may not serve against our will to protect the slave trade." Instructions have also been sent out that the right to fly the French flag should not henceforward be too readily accorded, while active supervision is to be maintained at the ports of embarkation, so as to prevent the exportation of slaves. Portugal has accepted the invitation of England and Germany to take part in the blockade, and there is much talk of the Porte being also asked for its active co-operation. The Emperor of Germany's speech in the Reichstag, which was to reopen on Thursday, was looked forward to with considerable interest, as he was expected to give a *résumé* of the existing situation, and of Germany's future intentions. As for the East African Company, its directors have wisely determined to lay by for the present, or, in the words of the resolution passed by the Committee, "that all action should be adjourned till after the restoration of order and security in East Africa." Turning to the actual region, active preparations are being made for the blockade, and the various vessels despatched to Zanzibar. Several members of, and the ladies belonging to, the Universities Mission have now safely arrived in Zanzibar, as well as a British missionary party, which was in great danger in an up-country district. A Belgian steamer *Brabo*, which was taking four hundred slaves hired from their owners for the Congo, has been boarded by a search party from H.M.S. *Griphus*, and two slaves liberated, who swore that they had been forcibly kidnapped. This question of the employment of slave labour by Europeans who make large advances to the owners and thus enable them to obtain more, is a salient part of the whole evil, and the British Consul at Zanzibar has issued a stringent proclamation, warning British subjects of the penalties incurred by their making illegal contracts with slave owners to this effect.

FRANCE is looking forward to a second edition of the "decoration" scandals, thanks to M. Numa Gilly, Radical member for the Department of the Gard and Mayor of Nîmes, who declared at a public meeting some time since that the Budget Committee contained twenty Wilsons. On being challenged by the Committee to name the incriminated members he declined, so M. Andrieux, as one of the Committee, brought a test libel action against him. M. Numa Gilly then *suspended* some forty Ministers, ex-Ministers, and Deputies, intending to bring out the details of various scandals during their examination. The judges, however, very decidedly adverse to all this washing of dirty linen, directed him simply to confine his evidence to any allegations against M. Andrieux, who brought the action. M. Gilly, however, had nothing to say against M. Andrieux personally, and the case ended in a verdict of acquittal. In order that France, and the world at large, however, shall not be deprived of the promised revelations, M. Gilly has brought out a book "*Mes Dossiers*," containing the allegations against some of the "twenty Wilsons," for instance, that certain persons received heavy bribes for procuring decorations, that M. Rouvier obtained free entry into France of a certain German contractor's goods; and numerous other spicy pieces of scandal. M. Wilson himself has also come into the field, and has begun to publish in a provincial journal some of the 22,000 "dossiers" which he is stated to possess relating to his political friends and enemies. Even in the Chamber, politics proper have been overshadowed by M. Gilly and his allegations, and there have been several scenes resulting in much disorganisation, numerous challenges, and a few duels, in one of which last M. Andrieux was slightly wounded in the chest by M. Yves Guyot. In fact, the spectacle which the French Parliament has presented this week is all that Boulangists, Royalists, Imperialists, and other enemies of the existing régime can possibly desire. Scandals apart, there is very little news of outside interest, there have been a couple of frontier incidents—one, of a Frenchman who was accustomed to till a small field just across the border, and who appears to have been suddenly arrested for no tangible reason. The deaths, are reported, of M. Feraud, the well-known playwright. Paris has been suffering from the cold winds, and is showing signs of the winter season, there being two important novelties at the theatre—a dramatic version of *Tartarin Sur les Alpes* at the Gaîté, and a comic opera at the Folies Dramatiques, *La Petite Fronde*, to which M. Audran has written the music.

In GERMANY there is little stirring, but there is a vague, uneasy feeling that, in some way or another, war will break out ere long. The *North German Gazette* prominently quotes an article from the Italian military journal to this effect, and there is a general impression that the new Russian loan for 20,000,000l. in gold is to be devoted to warlike purposes. Nor are the recent disturbances in Alsace-Lorraine which attended the enrolment of recruits, when the cry of "Vive la France!" was raised and 200 recruits deserted to Switzerland, calculated to reassure the alarmist mind, for any severe treatment of the malcontents in the annexed provinces would at once excite French feeling to a dangerous point. Two French journalists, MM. Latapie and D'Aurio, have been expelled from Germany for circulating statements "obnoxious" to high Court circles. The Emperor is as indefatigable as ever, and has been attending the various "swearing in" ceremonies of the recruits for the Berlin garrison.

BELGIUM, in her turn, has now become alarmist, and the King, in recently addressing a deputation, declared that "he would like to say only agreeable things" to his countrymen, but that as an old servant of the State, who also wished to be a good servant, he must tell them the candid truth—Belgium must be ready for all eventualities, and all Belgians should understand this." This being interpreted is stated to mean that the King considers that the complete reorganisation of the army and the establishment of general obligatory service are now absolutely necessary for defensive purposes, but that he cannot get his Cabinet—for party reasons—to put forward this view.

AUSTRIA, curiously enough is in a singularly peaceful temper, and her journals are not disposed to take fright at the alarmist utterances of the Berlin Press. They explain away the statements of Russian military movements in the most optimistic manner, pointing out that the Russian frontier forces are on a peace footing, and that Austria could consequently mobilise far more readily and effectively.

than her neighbour, thanks to the superiority of her communications. The Imperial Family have been thrown into mourning by the death of the Emperor's father, Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, and the Emperor and the Crown Prince have been to Munich for the obsequies, which took place on Sunday. The Duke lived the life of a country gentleman on his estates, and took no part in politics. The Emperor has prohibited all rejoicings on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of his accession, and has announced his wish that the event should be commemorated solely by religious services and charitable foundations. The weather has been exceptionally severe in Austria-Hungary, but is now as exceptionally mild.

IN INDIA Lord Dufferin has been continuing his farewell tour, making pleasant pithy speeches on his way. At Putiala he held a Durbar, at which he made the very important announcement that with regard to the offers of the native Princes to assist in the defence of India, the Government would not avail itself of the offers of money, but would ask the chiefs having already good fighting material in their armies to raise a portion of them to such a pitch of general efficiency as to fit the men for service with the Imperial troops. For this purpose British officers would be appointed to advise and instruct the native officers, drill instructors would be lent, breechloaders presented, and each Punjab Chief would be given a battery of four guns. The Black Mountain Expedition is now definitively at an end, and all the troops constituting the Hazara field force have returned to British territory. In his farewell order General M'Queen states that the Hassanzai, Akazai, and Pariari Sayads have tendered full submission. The Machai Peak, Thakot, Pokal, and the principal villages of the Alais were visited by the troops, while the construction of roads along the Indus Valley to the Chagarzai border and to Thakot from the Agror Valley will afford ample scope for the rapid movements of troops in the future. The Thibetan campaign shows no sign of coming to an end. The British posts at Gantong are being strengthened, Chumbi is to be garrisoned with 1,000 men, and 500 are to be stationed at Gantok. About 6,000 Tibetan troops are between Chumbi and Phari, and strong pickets have been posted by the Thibetan commander at Galing, in the vicinity. There is little news from Afghanistan, where all is quiet. The Pretender, Ishak Khan, is at Kurcha, near Tabora. He has a large military bodyguard, and is stated to have collected a great amount of treasure.

AUSTRALIA has been warmly discussing the question of the appointment of Colonial Governors raised by the objections put forward by Queensland to the recent nomination of Sir H. A. Blake. In reply to Lord Knutsford's request for further information Sir Arthur H. Palmer, the acting Governor of Queensland, telegraphed that Sir H. A. Blake is not known in Australia to have administered a responsible Government with discretion and success, his experience being confined to a year in Newfoundland, while his previous service (*i.e.*, his magisterial work in Ireland) is a disqualification. "The disapprobation of the appointment," continues the despatch, "in Queensland was spontaneous, immediate, and general. When Imperial and Colonial interests have clashed, the Ministers have always sought and advised a course harmonising with both. The Colony pays the Governor a salary, and this payment implies the approval of the Colony." The Government of New South Wales and New Zealand agree with the views of the Queenslanders, but in Victoria public opinion is decidedly adverse, and in the Parliament the Hon. Duncan Gillies, the Premier, has pointed out that, by the Constitution, the Queen alone can appoint Governors by the advice of her Ministers, who are responsible to Imperial Government. He felt confident that the less a colony insisted upon the power to appoint or nominate its Governor the better.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There are symptoms of a *rapprochement* between FRANCE and ITALY, and the new Ambassador to the Quirinal, M. Mariani, is stated to have had a very cordial interview with Signor Crispi.—There is a report that RUSSIA has concluded a secret treaty with Corea, by which the Czar assumes the Protectorate. As that country is a feudal State of China, the latter may be expected to oppose strong objections.—In SOUTH AFRICA, Dinizulu has at last surrendered, and is now in safe keeping at Pietermaritzburg.



THE Empress Frederick of Germany and her three daughters are now staying with the Queen at Windsor. The Imperial party will stay in England till early next year, accompanying Her Majesty to Osborne for Christmas. The Queen returned to Windsor only three days before the Empress, and on Saturday held a Council, attended by Viscount Cranbrook, the Marquis of Lothian, and Sir H. Ponsonby, where the Scottish Lord Advocate, Mr. J. Robertson, was sworn in as Member of the Council. Her Majesty also gave audiences to Lord Cranbrook and the Marquis of Salisbury, the latter arriving on a visit with the Marchioness, and dining with the Queen. Next day Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated; while in the afternoon Princess Louise arrived, and Prince Henry of Battenberg returned from visiting his sick father at Darmstadt. Lord and Lady Salisbury again joined the Royal party at dinner. On Monday the Queen, with Princesses Louise and Beatrice, Prince Henry, and the Duke of Cambridge, went down to Port Victoria to meet the Empress Frederick. Details of the arrival being given in "Our Illustrations," we need only mention that the Queen and Royal Family, including the Prince of Wales and Prince George, escorted the German Imperial party to Windsor, where they received a sympathetic welcome from the inhabitants. The children of Prince and Princess Henry and of the Duchess of Albany greeted the visitors at the Castle. The Empress Frederick and her daughters reside in the Lancaster Tower, on the south side of the Castle, close to the private rooms of Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice. The Prince of Wales and his son stayed to lunch at Windsor, while the German Ambassador came down to dinner. Wednesday was the forty-eighth birthday of the Empress Frederick. The bells were rung at Windsor, where the streets were gaily decorated with flags. In the afternoon the Mayor and Corporation went in state to the Castle, and presented an address to the Empress.

The Prince of Wales returned to town from Derby at the end of last week, and was joined on Saturday by Prince George coming from Athens. The Princes left in the evening for Flushing on board the *Victoria and Albert*, and after spending Sunday in Flushing escorted the German Imperial party back to England. They returned to town on Monday afternoon. The Princess with Princess Victoria and Prince Albert Victor have shared in all the Jubilee festivities at Copenhagen, where they have been staying with the King and Queen of Denmark at the Castle of Amalienborg. On Sunday they attended Divine Service at the English Church. They were to leave for home on Thursday, and will then return to Sandringham with the Prince to entertain fresh visitors. The Empress Frederick and her daughters will shortly stay with the Prince and Princess in Norfolk.



THE REPORT of the Financial Committee of the Church Congress showed receipts 1,754l., and a balance of 336l. This is to be handed over to the Poor Clergy Relief Fund of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, to which the offertories of the three Congress Sermons were likewise devoted.

THE VICARAGE OF ST. PAUL'S, Camden Town, with a gross income of nearly 1,000l. a year, vacant through the resignation of the Rev. E. R. Adams, has been conferred by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's on the Rev. G. Tiley, Senior Curate of St. Stephen's, Westminster.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS distributed this week to a number of boys and girls the Scripture prizes gained in the Westminster Board Schools, and given jointly by Mr. Henry Peck and the Religious Tract Society. The Rev. Mr. Diggle, Chairman of the London School Board, who presided, said that throughout the length and breadth of London scarcely a parent had availed himself of the liberty which the law gave to withdraw his child from Bible instruction.

NONE OF THE MAINLAND STATIONS of the Universities Mission to Central Africa have, it is authoritatively intimated, been abandoned. The work goes on as usual, with the exception that the ladies of the Mission have been drawn to the island of Zanzibar.

THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE SPECIAL MEETING of the Council of the Liberation Society this week had chiefly reference to the Education Question. A resolution was adopted expressing satisfaction with the intimation that the Government will not propose aid from the rates to Voluntary Schools, but at the same time setting forth "the necessity for vigorous action to prevent the adoption of other objectionable recommendations of the Royal Commission."



HANDEL'S "JOSHUA."—Although the claim made on behalf of the Hackney Choral Association that, until that body revived it last Monday, Handel's *Joshua* had not been performed in London for forty-one years turns out to be unfounded, yet it is quite certain that until they were present at the production of Mr. Ebenezer Prout's new and revised version at the Shoreditch Town Hall, barely a single member of the audience had ever before heard the oratorio in its entirety. Some of its individual songs are, of course, occasionally sung at concerts, and a few of its best choruses have been performed from time to time at the Handel Festival. There seems no reason for this neglect, save that Handel's less familiar oratorios are not particularly popular, and that *Joshua* is heavily weighted by a nonsensical libretto for which the Rev. Dr. Morell was responsible. Mr. Prout has, however, now carefully revised Vincent Novello's incorrect version from the official text of the German Handel Society, has struck out some of the obsolete airs, and has provided some new "additional accompaniments," which are at once musically while they reverentially conserve the true Handelian spirit. The part of Othniel, the young Hebrew captain, is assigned to a contralto, and was on Monday, indeed, admirably sung by Miss Hilda Wilson. His lady-love, Achsah, of course the soprano, in whose part there are two well-known airs—quite safe in the hands of Miss Annie Marriott—to wit, "Hark 'tis the linnet and the thrush," to which Mr. Prout has now restored the missing second part, and, after her hero's victory and her betrothal, the celebrated aria, "O had I Jubal's lyre." Joshua, the tenor, figures of course as the Israelite chieftain, and his war song in the second part is one of the best in the work. The heroine's father is the baritone, but his most important vocal opportunity does not occur till the third part, when he has a singularly fine aria, magnificently delivered by Mr. Brereton. It is, however, in its choruses that *Joshua* is chiefly rich. In the first part there are two, the splendid "Ye sons of Israel" and the almost equally fine chorus in which the people describe the passage of Jordan. The second section contains that colossal chorus, "Glory to God," the middle part of which Haydn declared to be the finest piece of music which ever had been or ever would be written, while the final part boasts the familiar "See the conquering hero comes," which Mr. Prout has now for the first time restored to the chorus, the trio of soloists being dispensed with.

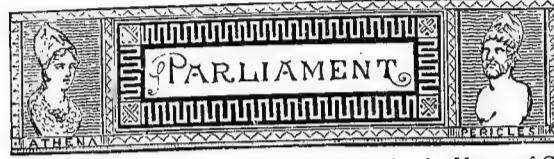
THE PATTI CONCERTS.—Madame Patti has, in some quarters, been blamed for singing at the Albert Hall only the most hackneyed of operatic and other songs, but, inasmuch as the reserved seats on Tuesday were practically sold out before the concert began, and upwards of nine thousand persons were present, it is pretty obvious that Madame Patti's admirers are not in agreement with Madame Patti's critics. As, however, almost the sole desire of the audience was to hear Madame Patti, it is equally clear that a lengthy description of a familiar scene would be superfluous. It will suffice that Madame Patti sang, "Que la voce," and for an encore the waltz from M. Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, Handel's "Let the bright seraphim," and for an encore "Home, Sweet Home," and, with Madame Patey, Rossini's "Quis est homo?" which was repeated.

LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—Mr. Henschel has now taken these concerts on his own responsibility, has reduced the prices (which is wise), has abolished analytical programmes (which is other—wise), and for his opening performance on Tuesday attracted a full house, which is satisfactory. The only novelty of his programme on Tuesday was an orchestral suite, which Grieg has constructed out of one of his old pianoforte duets. It is based upon Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," which, being written in Norwegian, is necessarily unfamiliar to an average British audience; but, as abstract music, the first and last movements are inferior to a pretty mazourka, danced by the heroine, after an "Elegy" (the best number of a slight work) which indicates the death of the hero, Ases. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and works by Schubert, Wagner, and Schumann, were likewise in the programme.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The concert season has fully commenced, and during the week ending on Wednesday night eighteen or twenty performances have been given. At the Popular Concerts Sir Charles and Lady Hallé on Saturday made their first appearance together on a London platform since their marriage, and gave a very fine performance of Brahms' latest sonata in A for pianoforte and violin. Brahms' most recently published work, a cycle of Gipsy songs for four voices, will be produced at the next Monday Popular Concert.—The Crystal Palace performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend* on Saturday was chiefly notable for the large number of disappointed concert-goers unable to obtain admission, for the excellent singing of the Crystal Palace Choir, and for the début of yet another American soprano, Miss Emily Spada, whose voice is better in the middle than in the upper register, and who, of

course, must be heard in "legitimate" sacred music before the position she is likely to take in oratorio can be determined.—The concert given by the Guildhall students, which, on Saturday, the Lord Mayor attended in state, was mainly remarkable for the excellent playing of the students' orchestra, which Mr. West Hill has so carefully trained.—Concerts have also been given by that clever pianist Mr. Tobias Matthay, by Mr. E. Nelson, by the students at the Royal College of Music, by Miss Amy Florence, Miss Charlotte Hanlon, Mr. Buel's, and others.—Lastly, on Wednesday night, Mr. Boosey gave the first Ballad Concert of the present season. The best of the new songs were Mr. Maybrick's humorous ballad, which describes the sad results of St. Anthony's Sermon to the fishes, Miss Hope Temple's love song "In Sweet September," and Mr. Molloy's "Fame the Fiddler," which boasts a quaint refrain in dance rhythm. The vocalists were Miss Trebelli, Mesdames Bertha Moore, Cole, and Sterling; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Banks, Foote, and Foli. The best items of the programme, however, were Lady Halle's performance of the adagio from Spohr's ninth concerto, and the admirable singing by a small part-song choir under the direction of Mr. Eaton Fanning.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—Madame Trebelli is still ill, although it is stated that her present indisposition is due to a cold caught while driving, and not to a return of the paralysis.—M. Choudens, a Paris music publisher, who raised himself from a humble position, and eventually made a fortune by purchasing M. Gounod's *Faust* and Bizet's *Carmen* for a comparatively small sum, died in Paris last week.—The famous Leeds Festival choir, 200 strong, will shortly come to London to perform Beethoven's Choral symphony and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*.—Miss Marie Titien has been engaged for Madame Marie Roze's tours in January next.—As the health of M. Jean de Reszke is still precarious, M. Jérôme has been appointed understudy for the part of Romeo at the Patti performance at the Grand Opéra, Paris, next Wednesday.



FIVE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MEMBERS in the House of Commons at midnight on the 20th of November is a circumstance without precedent in later years, and furnishes remarkable testimony to the industry of the Whips. Such was the number mustered from far and near to divide on the amendment Mr. Gladstone had moved to the first reading of the Bill to extend the Land Purchase Act. During the evening there were seen within the precincts of the House many unfamiliar faces. But the debate proved sorely deficient in human attraction. At the outset it was handicapped by the absence of Mr. Balfour, who was sick in bed. His place was taken by the Attorney-General for Ireland, a most admirable official, but not gifted with the fire of eloquence, or the touch that thrills a public audience.

After Mr. Madden came Mr. Gladstone, evidently in bounding health and bustling spirits. It was no secret that the action decided upon by the Leaders of the Opposition did not meet with the unanimous approval of their followers. To this feeling Mr. Haldane on Monday, and Sir E. Grey in an admirable speech on Tuesday, gave expression. In any case Mr. Gladstone was leading a forlorn hope. He was embarrassed in the enterprise by the consciousness that there were mutineers in his own ranks. But he made a speech lasting an hour and a half, and delivered with all that amplitude of gesture which distinguishes him when deeply moved.

The object of the Bill, as described by its authors, was to facilitate the purchase of land in Ireland by the tenants. The Act passed two years ago had, according to the statement of the Attorney-General for Ireland, been accompanied by most beneficial results. The five millions allotted had been eagerly applied for by the Irish tenants, of whom some thousands had had the Irish Question settled in their own family circles by becoming the possessors of their own land. The Government, desiring to extend still further the blessings of the Act, now asked for an additional five millions. Mr. Gladstone, whilst not objecting to the principle of creating peasant proprietorship, but rather advocating it, objected on economical grounds to the scheme of the Bill, which he said placed the State in the direct position of landlord to the Irish people. Supposing the tenant could not or would not pay his rent, there remained to the British Government no alternative but eviction, "and," said Mr. Gladstone, with forefinger mockingly shaken at the undaunted Ministerialists, "perhaps we shall have to take the emergency men into the service of the State."

His alternative scheme was to deal with the question of arrears upon the principle now actually in operation among the Crofters in Scotland. The Scotch Crofters, like the Irish peasants, have their Land Court, the difference being that, whilst the Irish Commissioners may reduce excessive rents, they may not touch the arrears which have grown up under their imposition; whereas the Scotch Commissioners, whilst lowering the rent may also, if they think the facts of the case justify it, relieve the tenant from the accumulation of arrears. Arrears were, he declared—and was supported in the statement by a score of members from the Opposition Benches—the festering sore of Ireland, the forces which successfully baffled the beneficial operation of the Land Act. Evictions were taking place in Ireland not because rent was not paid, but because arrears, accumulating upon rents which the Land Commission had deliberately declared to be unjust, hung like a millstone round the neck of the tenants.

This was the issue placed before the House of Commons, and which has occupied its attention *de die in diem* through the week. The debate on the first reading was remarkable, chiefly for the distaste which the bulk of members showed to following the arguments, partly for the absence of Mr. Balfour, and considerably for the new departure marked in the political career of Lord Hartington. Rising at a late hour on Tuesday night, the noble lord delivered a speech which, in its general tone and in its personal references, denoted a long stride towards closer companionship with the Conservative Ministry, and further repulsion from Mr. Gladstone. "Lord Hartington still speaks of his old leader as 'my right hon. friend,'" and Mr. Gladstone (who, up to the time he was made Chief Secretary, used to distinguish Mr. Balfour by the same epithet) never alludes to Lord Hartington otherwise than as "my noble friend." This friendly reference has not been departed from in the debate of the current week. But Lord Hartington, turning his back on Mr. Gladstone, who sat feigning sleep on the Treasury Bench, flung over his shoulder some sharp reproaches and rebukes which drew forth hearty cheering from the Conservatives.

Last week there was some heated talk of carrying the debate on the first reading over Tuesday, a threat which Mr. Smith quietly met by moving the suspension of the Rule which closes discussion at midnight. There was also protest made against hurrying on the second reading on Wednesday. It was pointed out that it was impossible to meet the requirements of procedure which provide that, before a Bill is read a second time, it shall be printed and circulated, and no Bill has, up to Tuesday night, been printed before leave was formally given to introduce it. Mr. Smith cut this Gordian knot by boldly ordering the Bill to be printed, taking on himself the full responsibility of this tampering with the Constitution. As yet, no evil consequences have followed. It seems probable, at the present time of writing, that we may see fulfilled

the sanguine expectation of the First Lord of the Treasury that, with the assistance of a Saturday sitting, the Bill may pass all its stages in the Commons during the current week.

The House of Lords had their usual sitting on Tuesday, when the Lord Chancellor, in reply to the charges and allegations brought against him in the other House by distinguished members of his own party, entered at large upon the defence of the general administration of the department over which he presides. But he only referred casually to the specific statement of Lord Randolph Churchill that in the year 1886 he, the Lord Chancellor, had filled up the office of Official Referee, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Financial Secretary to the Treasury of the day had decided was a sinecure that might well be abolished.



THE new burlesque, *Atalanta*, with which Mr. C. H. Hawtrey has commenced his management of the STRAND Theatre, is an attempt, after the manner of Mr. Planché, to press ancient fable into the service of modern extravaganza. Unfortunately the subject is ill-chosen for the purpose, and the treatment is even more injudicious. What demon whispered in the ear of Mr. G. P. Hawtrey, the author of this piece, the suggestion that it could be made the vehicle for a satire on the Turf and its votaries of these days does not appear. The notion is obviously absurd. Some attempt is made to extract fun out of the substitution of a bonnet-box filled with modern millinery in place of the apples of the old story which Mr. Poynter's picture has made familiar. It is these gauds and ministrants to female vanity that are supposed to allure the swift, disdainful daughter of the King of Scyros, and tempt her to loiter in the race. This object is supposed to captivate her as the jewels captivated Faust's Margaret; but the latter lady had the true and sensible avouch of her own eyes for the tempter's trinkets; whereas Atalanta stops short for a mere bonnet-box which may or may not contain something rich and rare. Add to this that she has already declared to her lover that she is ready to lose the race by any sort of "hanky-panky" tricks. Where, then, the necessity for invoking the aid of Aphrodite, who, by the way, is absurdly represented as in love with Hippomenes, while she aids him to win her rival? The causes of the discontent on Saturday evening, however, were considerably deeper than this. They are also to be found in the poverty of the prose dialogue, and, above all, in the puerilities of the third act, in which that clever actress Miss Marie Linden and Mr. Wyatt are led forth, like horses, by a rein, and supernumeraries made up in the likeness of jockeys, trainers, members of the Jockey Club, and other notabilities of the Turf, in attire half modern, half classical, are presented before the footlights in relays, some to sing foolish choruses, others merely to stare at the orchestra and retire. And all this, be it remembered, is over a mere footrace between a young gentleman and young lady of ancient times. It was too much for the patience of the spectators, and the curtain fell amidst noisy shouts of disapprobation. The result is the more to be regretted because the company is a good one, and Mr. Lewis Wingfield has taken great pains to design costumes which help to make good pictures, while the orchestra has been greatly strengthened. A comedietta by Mr. Brandon Thomas, entitled *A Highland Legacy*, played on the same occasion, proved far more satisfactory. It is a clever and neatly-written little piece, in which the author himself is seen to great advantage.

The accident at the SHAFESBURY Theatre on Saturday evening, which resulted in the audience being dismissed after patiently waiting for more than an hour to see Miss Wallis in *The Lay of Lyons*, will probably find a place in future books of dramatic anecdote under the heading of "Mishaps and Contretemps." It was the practical impossibility of raising the massive fire-proof curtain that caused the trouble. After all a little oil seems to have been all that was wanted. Since then Lord Lytton's play has been duly presented. Miss Wallace's Pauline is decidedly above the average; Mr. Forbes Robertson plays the hero with due fervour; and Mr. Mackintosh's Damas is like all the efforts of this actor, artistic and forcible. The revival is understood to be merely a temporary expedient while a new play is in preparation.

Tuesday, the 27th inst., is the date announced by Mr. Rutland Barrington for the production of Mr. Gilbert's new play, *Brantingham Hall*, at the ST. JAMES'S. Meanwhile the theatre remains closed.

**MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.**—On Monday next, November 26th, Messrs. Reed and Grain will produce a new piece, entitled *The Bo'sun's Mate*, written by Walter Browne, the music by Alfred J. Caldicott.



**THE PARRELL'SM AND CRIME COMMISSION.**—On resuming proceedings the attention of the Court was drawn by the Attorney-General to an article in the *Kerry Sentinel* of Wednesday last week. The paper is owned by one of the inculpated Irish M.P.'s, Mr. E. Harrington, and the article accused the Commission of showing "manifest prejudice," of allowing a witness for the *Times* to perpetrate, without the slightest hint of reproof, "the most astounding feats in swearing," of being "the creature of the Government and the *Times* conspirators," and it went on to say that "Irish members never had, and never got, the chance of having any confidence in them." The Court decided that a serious contempt of Court had been committed, and Mr. Harrington was adjudged to pay a fine of £500. to the Queen. The evidence as to outrages in County Kerry was then proceeded with, and a great mass was furnished. Among the witnesses examined was Mrs. Leahy, whose husband, for having rented some grazing land from Lord Kenmare, was deliberately shot dead by Moonlighters while on his knees in his bedroom, his wife kneeling by his side, and Miss Lizzie Curtin, the circumstances attending the murder of whose father are doubtless remembered by our readers, as well as the cruel persecution to which she and other members of the family were afterwards subjected. Her evidence was the last given on Tuesday, and on Wednesday she was cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, who sought to establish both the absence of any animosity towards her father on the part of the League, and the exhibition of sympathy towards the family by prominent members of the League. Mr. Michael Davitt took part in the cross-examination, and asked her if she had not heard that he had visited the locality in order to stop the boycotting of her father. She had heard, she said, of the visit, but not of this object. She had heard, she said, of the visit, but not of this object. She had been very palatable to Mr. Davitt, namely, that the boycotting was worse after his visit than before it. On Wednesday, too, was examined Norah Fitzmaurice, whose father was shot

dead after having been denounced by the local Land League, and who was herself subsequently and savagely boycotted even in chapel, as again our readers may remember. Here, as in several atrocious cases, the counsel for the inculpated parties sought to divert responsibility from all but the actual perpetrators of the outrages, by reading articles in Irish Nationalist papers condemnatory of them. In other cases witnesses were cross-examined with the view of proving that the rents in this or that district, the scene of an outrage, were exorbitant, and in one or two instances that the victims were members of the Land League, and acquitted the League of participating in them. The evidence of Mr. Lennard, Lord Kenmare's agent, was the last given on Wednesday, and was very important. He declared that he had never heard of persons in his district being punished for paying their rent until Mr. Parnell and the O'Donoghue held a meeting at Listryde, in 1881, or of punishment for taking an evicted farm until after the no-rent manifesto in the same year. The Crimes Act of 1882 checked outrages, he said, in a specified district, until September, 1885, when they began again with the delivery, at Killarney, of violent speeches by three Nationalist M.P.'s, Mr. W. O'Brien, Mr. Healy, and Mr. Edward Harrington. This witness also supplied an important link in the chain of evidence by identifying from personal knowledge the handwriting of a letter purporting to be from Jeremiah Leahy, Secretary of the Firies Branch of the League, and written to his successor in that post when he himself was flying to America to escape arrest. The letter begins thus: "Enclosed is a list of the Firies subscriptions for Parnell."

**THE IMPORTANT CASE,** the Queen v. the Bishop of London, in the matter of the reredos of St. Paul's, has been argued for two days before the Queen's Bench Division, consisting of Lord Coleridge, Mr. Baron Pollock, and Mr. Justice Manisty. The Bishop, it will be remembered, refused to sanction proceedings proposed to be taken by certain complainants against the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's for the erection of the reredos, they affirming that it was unlawful, and that the sculptured representation of the Crucifixion and of the Virgin and Child contained in it "tend to encourage ideas and devotions of an unauthorised and superstitious kind." The Bishop grounded his refusal chiefly on his belief that in the Exeter case (adjudicated on when he was Bishop of that See), it having been decided that a sculptured representation of the Ascension was lawful, there was no grave important difference between that erection and the one now complained of. Bishop Temple added that, such being the case, litigation would be simply mischievous to the Church. The complainants now contend that this decision of the Bishop of London proves that he has not done what, by the words of the Public Worship Regulation Act, he was bound to do, namely to "consider the whole circumstances of the case," and they ask for a *mandamus* compelling the Bishop either to forward their complaint to the Dean and Chapter or to proceed to consider the whole circumstances of the case and no others. Among the counsel engaged were Sir Henry James and Mr. Moulton, Q.C., for the complainants; and for the Bishop of London, the Attorney-General and Mr. Jeune, Q.C. Much of the argumentation was of a technical kind, and referred to the character of the jurisdiction possessed by the Court. The Attorney-General laid great stress on the decision in the Denbigh case, as stronger even than the Exeter one. In that case, but on a bare representation of the fact of erection, Lord Penzance had decided in favour of the legality of a sculptured representation of the Crucifixion. To this Sir Henry James replied that in the Ridsdale case the Judicial Committee had pronounced a crucifix to be illegal, and he saw no difference in principle between a crucifix and a sculptured representation of the Crucifixion. He contended that the principle at issue had not, as the Bishop of London alleged, been decided in the Exeter case, because representations of the Ascension and the Crucifixion were very different things, and that both in this way and in his remarks on the mischief done by such litigation the Bishop had reasoned insufficiently, had not considered solely the circumstances of the case, and had set himself above the law. The arguments were concluded on Tuesday, and the Court took time to consider its judgment.

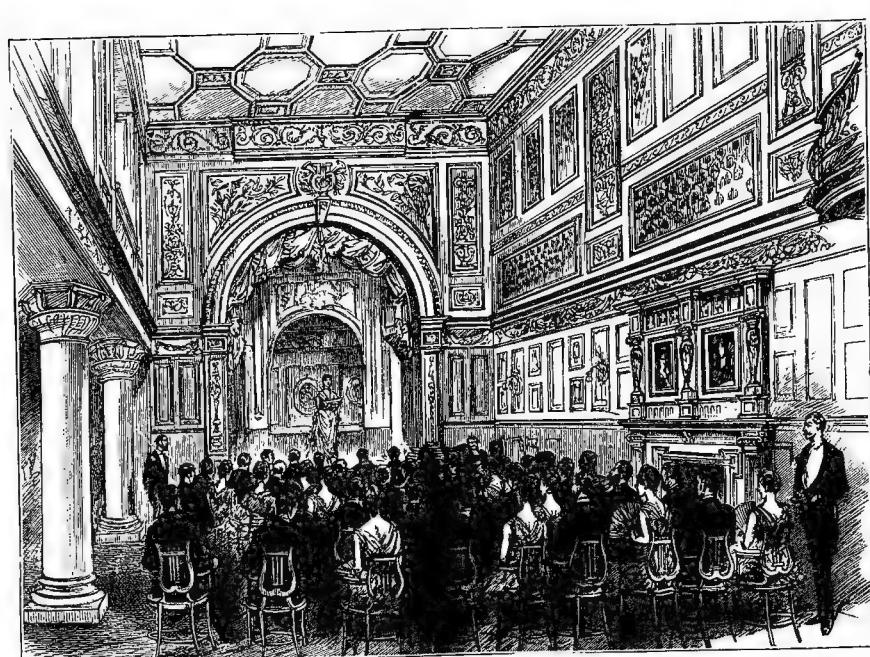


**THE SEASON.**—High winds, many passing showers, and a generally high temperature for the time of year, characterised the weather period from the 14th to the 21st of the month. Steady progress was made with autumn sowing, while the raising of roots also proceeded apace; hedge-clipping, tree-planting, and the burning of heaps of dead leaves and general *débris* also occupied the countryman's time. For threshing corn the weather was inopportune; nevertheless, a considerable quantity of wheat and a very large quantity of barley were threshed, and delivered at market. The impolicy of such action on the part of farmers requires little comment. Some say "they want straw;" all want money; nor is argument of much value in dealing with the English farmer, now the weakest holder in the world. The reports concerning the quality and natural weight of the last crop do not by any means improve. Millers find great difficulty in getting heavy samples, and the dampness of condition is such that the common jest on the market is to say that the purchaser "will take the wheat, but don't want the water." The early-sown wheat looks well in parts, but in many districts it is patchy. The course of prices has been slightly in buyers' favour, for there has been competitive abundance of vegetables, a full supply of wheat from abroad and from farmers, and a "date-reminder" of payments falling due at the end of the year when purchased in November. The land, it may be remarked, is very much clogged with water in the Western Counties; but the Home Counties and East Anglia have absorbed their share of moisture without surface flood, or even swollen streams.

**WHEAT SOWING** made a good start this October, and has been carried on steadily during the past three weeks. At the same time farmers have an extensive area still unsown, and these agriculturists are warned by a "scientific farmer" to make all possible haste, insomuch as grain sown as late as mid-December is unusually long in appearing above ground. While under the soil it is liable to have its delicate sprouts eaten off by insects, and a good deal of seed may rot instead of growing. Hence the later the sowing the thicker the seedling, as a rule. Drilling can often be done without previous harrowing, when the latter operation would stir up an adhesive soil to a state of mud, and by putting on an extra horse and pressing the seed in to a good depth, the covering can be done with very little subsequent harrowing, or the trampling of horses may be still further avoided, if necessary, by dispensing with the drill and sowing the seed broadcast on the land as left by the plough. On the same subject another authority says, "There seems to be only one way of effecting wheat-sowing successfully on clay lands when perfectly saturated, which is to perform it entirely by manual labour, by sowing the seed-corn broadcast and causing labourers to follow immediately behind, with mattocks to bury the seed by what is termed 'hacking.' This used to be resorted to in wet autumns some generations since, when wheat culture was far more remunerative than at present." It is, indeed, questionable whether the present recovery in the wheat acreage may not easily be carried too far. Prices may be dearer in 1889 than now, but a small rise here will be sufficient to stimulate production all over the world.



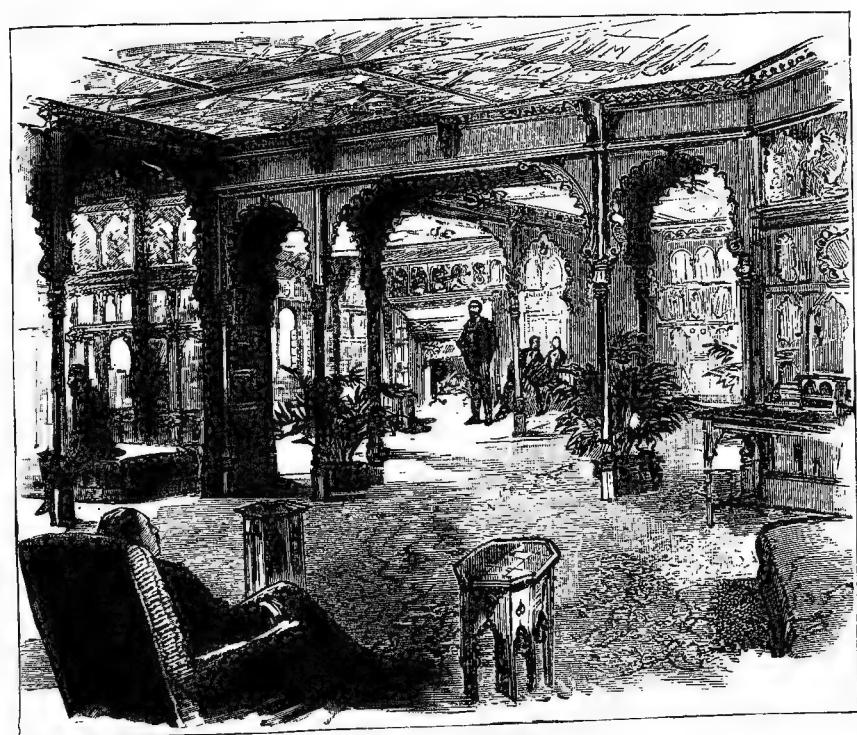
GREAT INDIAN PENINSULAR RAILWAY VICTORIA TERMINUS AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES, BOMBAY  
RECENTLY COMPLETED



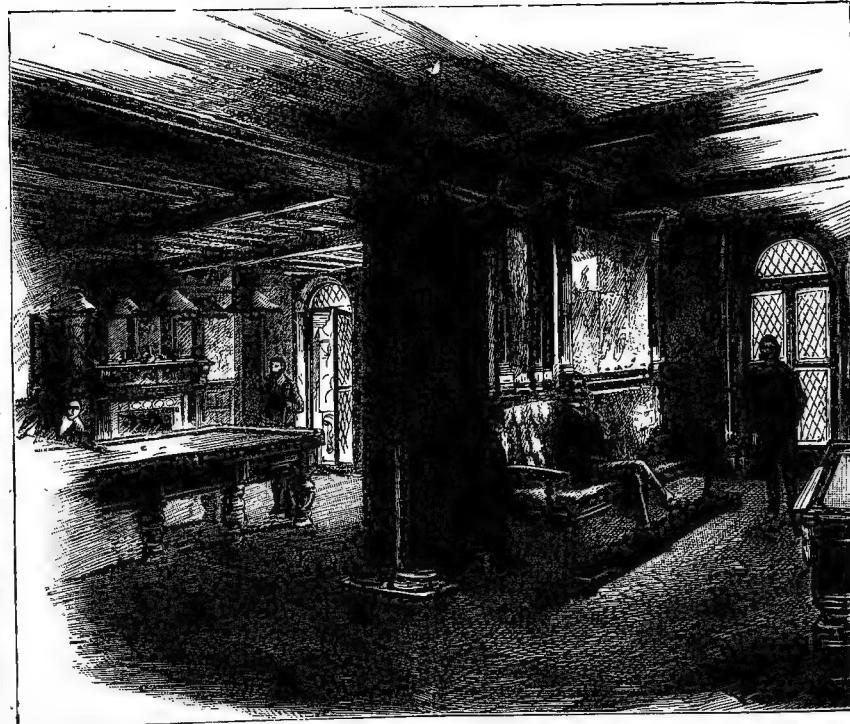
THE THEATRE



THE BAMBOO ROOM



THE SMOKING ROOM

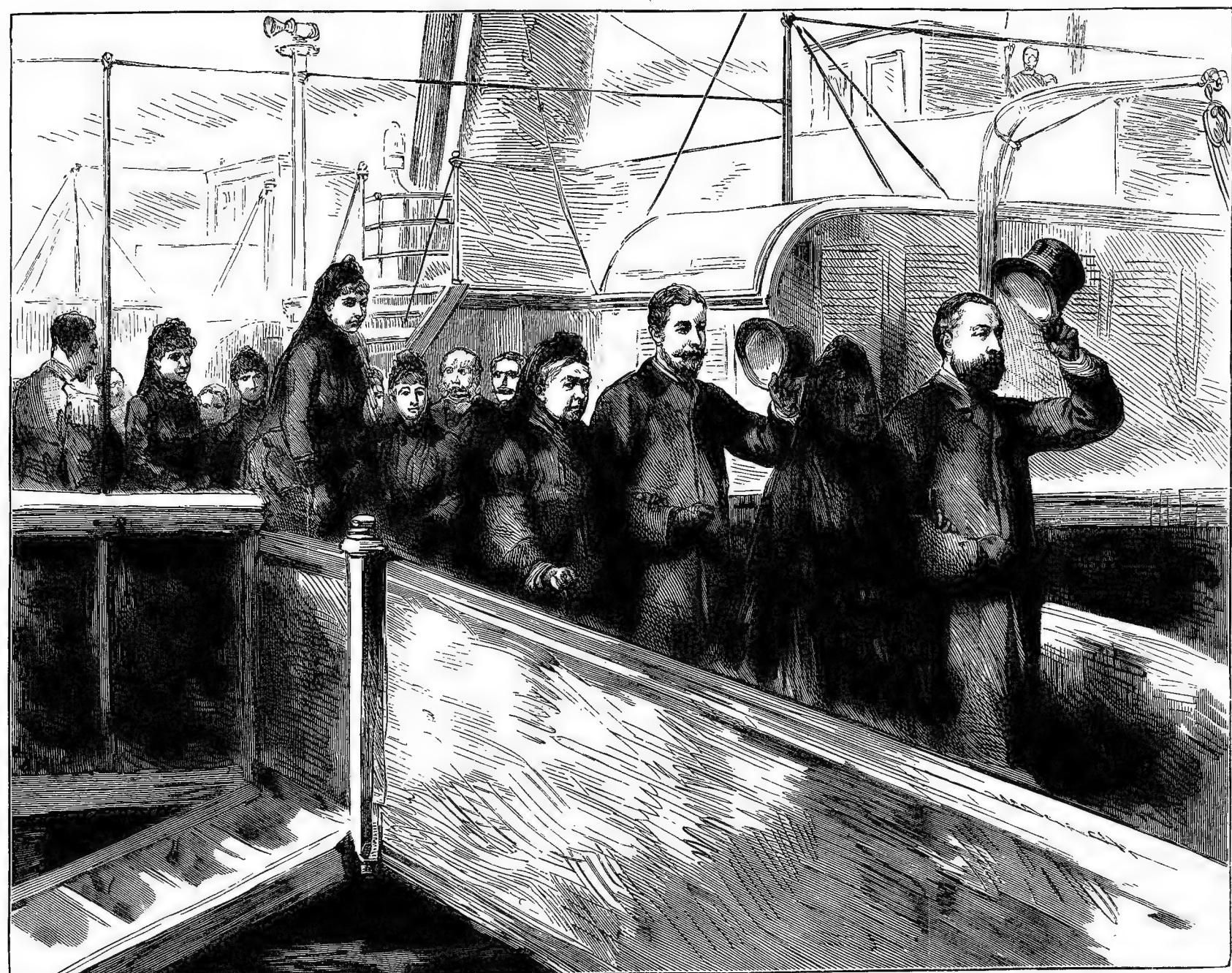


THE BILLIARD ROOM

THE NEW QUARTERS OF THE LYRIC CLUB, COVENTRY STREET, W.



DR. NANSEN'S SNOW-SHOE EXPEDITION ACROSS GREENLAND  
THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION IN THEIR TRAVELLING DRESS



ARRIVAL OF THE EMPRESS DOWAGER FREDERICK OF GERMANY AT PORT VICTORIA  
THE QUEEN, THE EMPRESS, THE PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES, AND THE ROYAL PARTY, DISEMBARKING FROM THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT"

**AGRICULTURAL BILLS**, merely affecting the welfare of 26,000,000 Englishmen, have been shelled by the Government in order that sundry minor measures affecting the 5,000,000 inhabitants of Ireland and the 4,000,000 of Scotland may have precedence in legislative attention. The Board of Agriculture Bill is to be opposed by Lord Randolph Churchill as authorising extravagance, and the Tithe Bill will not secure the support of sundry Unionists. At the same time we do not doubt that both these measures are required by the agricultural interest in England to a man, and that in the prosperity of the farmers lies the best hope of a general revival of prosperity and trade. The formation of a Country Party is more than ever requisite. If the agricultural interest had the organisation of the total abstainers, or of any of the great religious bodies, its needs would not continue to be cynically ignored.

#### THE ACCIDENT TO THE CZAR'S TRAIN

WE condense the following details from an account which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the terrible railway disaster at Borki, furnished by correspondents who were on the spot. The Imperial train is always accompanied by another, which either precedes or follows it. In this case their Majesties were in the first, the other being about an hour's distance behind. On arriving at a small station, the occupants of the latter heard of the accident, and at once went on to the scene. The last three carriages, out of eighteen, were still on the rails, but the fourth was driven sideways, and overhung a steep incline of some forty yards. Beyond, appeared a second-class carriage in fragments, numbers of bodies covered up, and broken timbers, planks, and general wreckage. On proceeding further, the full effect of the disaster was apparent. One carriage was a mass of splinters, with the roof lying crosswise on the crushed woodwork; another was wrecked, but still partly standing; while two next the two engines were apparently little damaged. Out of the most completely ruined carriage, three-and-twenty living souls were rescued, with one or two exceptions, almost unbruised. It was the dining-saloon, and there the Czar and Czarina, with every child of theirs save the little Grand Duchess Olga, were seated with the suite at dinner. A sudden shock sent them down on the floor; then

in black-and-white than in colours. Under Mr. Jessop's hands the legend becomes a weird revel of the Brocken, transferred to an old English ruin in Jacobean times, with a young sorceress as heroine, fascinating enough to excuse any susceptible countryman for falling under her spells. Comic as ever in the minutest detail, the artist has decidedly advanced in finish and vigour.—To turn to a more serious type of both Poetry and Art, Longfellow's description of "Nuremberg" (*Sampson Low*) is framed in a charming setting by M. and A. Comegys. The city of Albrecht Dürer, of the cobbler-poet, Hans Sachs, and the Meistersingers comes vividly before us in the numerous photogravures which the Misses Comegys have arranged so admirably to suit the poem. Further, the illuminated initials in the text, gathered from various ancient sources, are most interesting specimens of mediæval lettering, while apart from its other attractions the volume is so beautifully got-up and printed that it is just the thing for the drawing-room table. That is the place also to find the album for recording a stray poem or sketch, "For Pen and Pencil Jottings" (*Bryce, Glasgow*), an enlarged version of a tiny book brought out last Christmas. The pencil drawings by H. Dingay of picturesque spots in Great Britain, are neatly and tastefully done, with a few exceptions of uninteresting sketches of piers at various watering-places. Other National views likely to attract patriotic Britons appear in "The Royal Homes of England" (*Eyre and Spottiswoode*), where F. Marriott depicts in miniature the Queen's various residences.

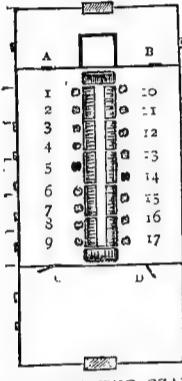
So few Christmas books ever relate to the season itself that it is quite refreshing to come across so appropriate a volume as "Christmas in Many Lands" (*Griffith and Farran*), by F. and E. Scamell. Nicely illustrated, this is a charming gathering of short stories, showing young people how their contemporaries in other countries enjoy the "festive season."—Another juvenile work out of the monotonous track, tells of life and adventure amongst Alpine snows—a collection of Madame Johanna Spyri's poetical "Swiss Stories" (*Blackie*), smoothly translated by Lucy Wheelock.—And there is plenty of fun in "Wanted a Camel" (*Hatchards*), wherein Phœbe Allen describes, with much gusto, how a household of unruly young people were left to their own devices, and the woes that followed.

generally William the third, he was given his present name. Now his backers, who have regained some of the money—vulgarly called "oof"—lost on him, want to rechristen him a third time William Re-oof-us.

At Warwick, on Monday, Boom, who had been among the winners at Northampton, gained another success in the Town Plate, and Jack Frost heralded the approach of winter in the Spa Nursery Handicap. On Tuesday, Stour and Avon was, as last year, successful in the Midland Counties' Handicap Plate, Mr. Abington won a couple of races with Snaplock and Gay Reveller, and Grand Composer, who won one race last year and one the year before, gained his solitary victory of the season in the Southam Welter Handicap Plate. Noble Chieftain, who has done very well for Lord Penrhyn this season, won the Mile Maiden Plate on Wednesday, Greenwich the Warwick Welter, and Ringlet the Leamington Selling Plate.

**FOOTBALL.**—The third and semi-final round of the Association Cup Qualifying Competition was played on Saturday. Old Brightonians, Crusaders, and Great Marlow are left in as well as Chatham, who somewhat unexpectedly beat Radford, the latter's captain, had to retire seriously injured before the game was over.—In League matches Preston North End maintained their record by beating Accrington, Blackburn Rovers heavily defeated Aston Villa, and West Bromwich Albion beat Bolton Wanderers.—A grand match at Cambridge between the University and the Old Carthusians ended in a draw—three goals each—but at Oxford the Dark Blues had no difficulty in defeating Old Harrovians, though here again a serious casualty has to be chronicled, as Mr. J. H. Farmer, the popular and energetic captain of the visitors' team, received a kick on the knee which will probably prevent him from playing again this season. Oxford has since succumbed to Mitchell's St. George's, but Cambridge beat Corinthianians.—Sussex beat Kent.—Mr. P. M. Walters, the Old Carthusian and International back, was called to the bar on Monday.

Rugbywise, the Universities were both successful on Saturday. Oxford beat Blackheath, and Cambridge Richmond, but neither of the metropolitan clubs was very strongly represented. The Light Blues have since beaten Newport, and although a very weak Oxonian



PLAN OF THE CZAR'S DINING CAR



THE WRECKED TRAIN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ACCIDENT



**THE TURF.**—"Goodbye to the season, 'tis over," will be the song which many will sing, not all regrettably perhaps, on Saturday next. "Legitimate" racing will then be done with, and attention will have to be turned to the innumerable hunt and other jumping meetings which fill up the time from Manchester to Lincoln. At the former, the November Handicap, to be run to-day (Saturday), of course attracts most attention. A fair number of acceptances were obtained. Stourhead heads the list with 8 st. 10 lbs. and is followed by Rêve d'Or, Button Park, and Eridspord, all these four being trained by Alec Taylor. At the time of writing, however, Kenilworth was most in demand at 100 to 15, next to him coming Mamia (despite her poor show in the Cambridgeshire), Fallow Chat, and Moss paul.

Plaisanterie, who won both Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire in 1885, and who, owing to legal disputes has not been raced since then, is to be sold on Friday, December 7th, at Chantilly. The long-talked-of operation upon Friar's Balsam's jaw was successfully performed on Saturday by Mr. Williams, assisted by Mr. Bruce Clark, lecturer on anatomy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

William the Silent was the hero of the Northampton Meeting last week. On Thursday he beat Agnes Hewitt (formerly a stable companion of his) and eight others in the Castle Nursery, and next day he followed up his success by winning the Rothschild Plate. The nomenclature of this colt has a curious history. He was first called William the Conqueror, but as he never conquered, but was

team succumbed to the College at Cheltenham, the Inter-University Match looks very open. The Maoris have easily beaten Cumberland and Carlisle, the London Welsh have succumbed both to Manningham and Huddersfield, Manchester has beaten Liverpool, Yorkshire Durham, and Lancashire Northumberland.

**AQUATICS.**—A sculler's race over the Thames Championship course took place on Monday between George Norvell, of Swalwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and John Corcoran, of London. The latter had acquired a certain reputation as a winner of tradesmen's races, but was not successful in his *début* as a professional, as, after a game struggle for half the distance, he was settled, and Norvell won at his ease.—Teemer and O'Connor row to-day (Saturday) at Washington for the Championship of America. The former has also been matched against Searle, the Australian, who at present holds the Championship of the World.

**BILLIARDS.**—Peall beat North at the Aquarium last week by close on 3,000 points. This week the antagonists are Cook and McNeil.—At Brussels on Saturday A. Garnier, the well-known French professional, made a break of 1,035 cannons. If this is not record, what is? The time occupied was only fifty minutes.

**ATHLETICS.**—Mr. H. C. L. Tindall, late President of the C.U.A.C., starting at scratch, won the Strangers' Quarter-Mile Handicap at the Trinity College sports in 49 3-5th secs.—The Cambridge Hare and Hounds easily defeated the Blackheath Harriers in a cross-country run last week.

**BOXING.**—Kilrain was mobbed at Philadelphia for styling himself "Champion of the World." Ardent admirers of Sullivan (who is about again, by the bye), were the aggressors, and the odd spectacle was witnessed of a prizefighter under police-protection.—There is a chance of a boxing-match being got up between two boys weighing some four stone apiece. Where is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children?

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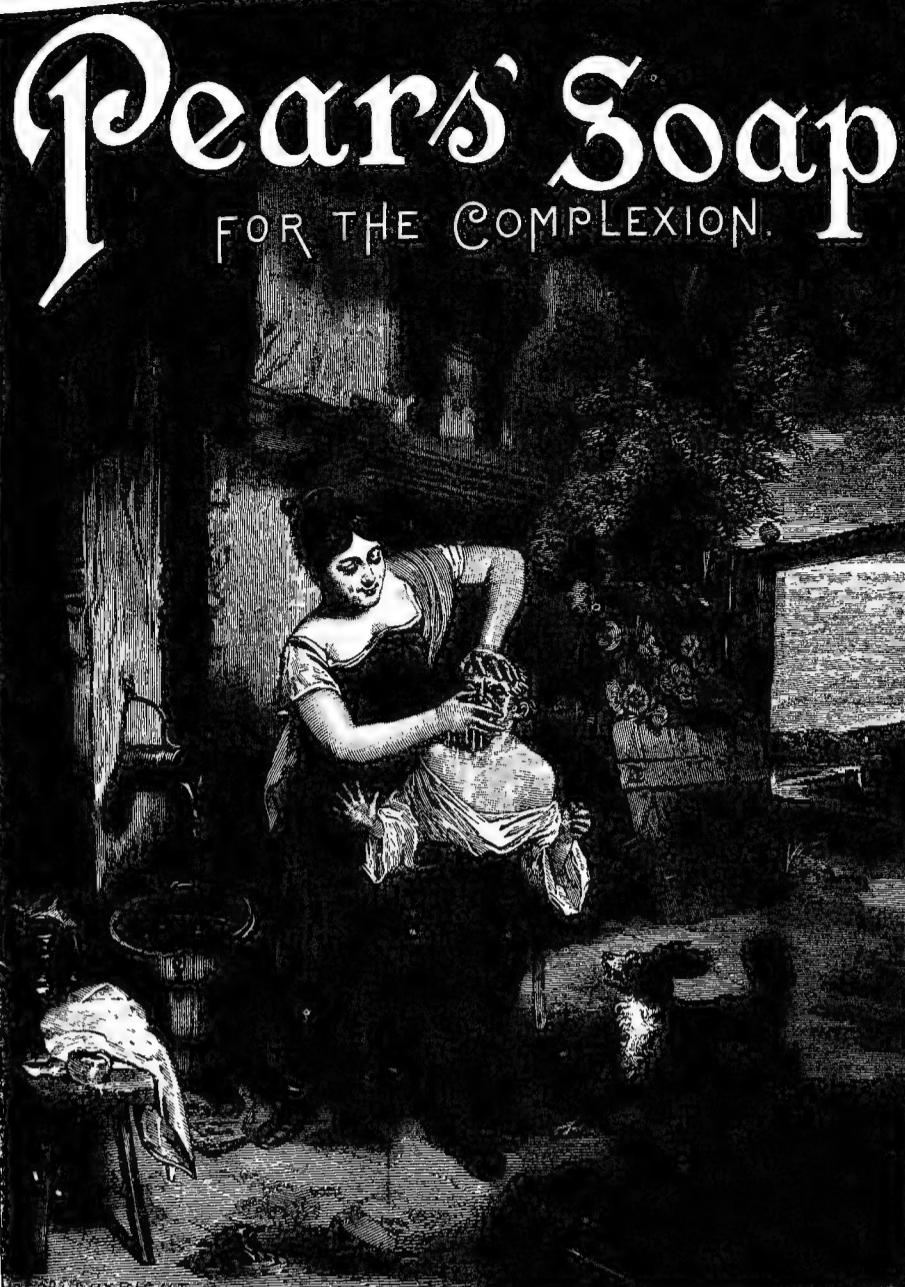
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NOVEMBER 24, 1888



"SUNDAY MORNING."  
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LINENS.  
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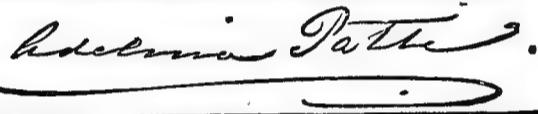
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## THE GRAPHIC

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HOUSEWIFERY is sorely needed in these

days. The "Higher Education" movement

has undoubtedly been productive of much good

in elevating the tastes and enlarging the minds

of our girls; at the same time, however, let it be

confessed that a rage for "accomplishments"

has in a great measure swept away the old-

fashioned, but very necessary, feminine arts of

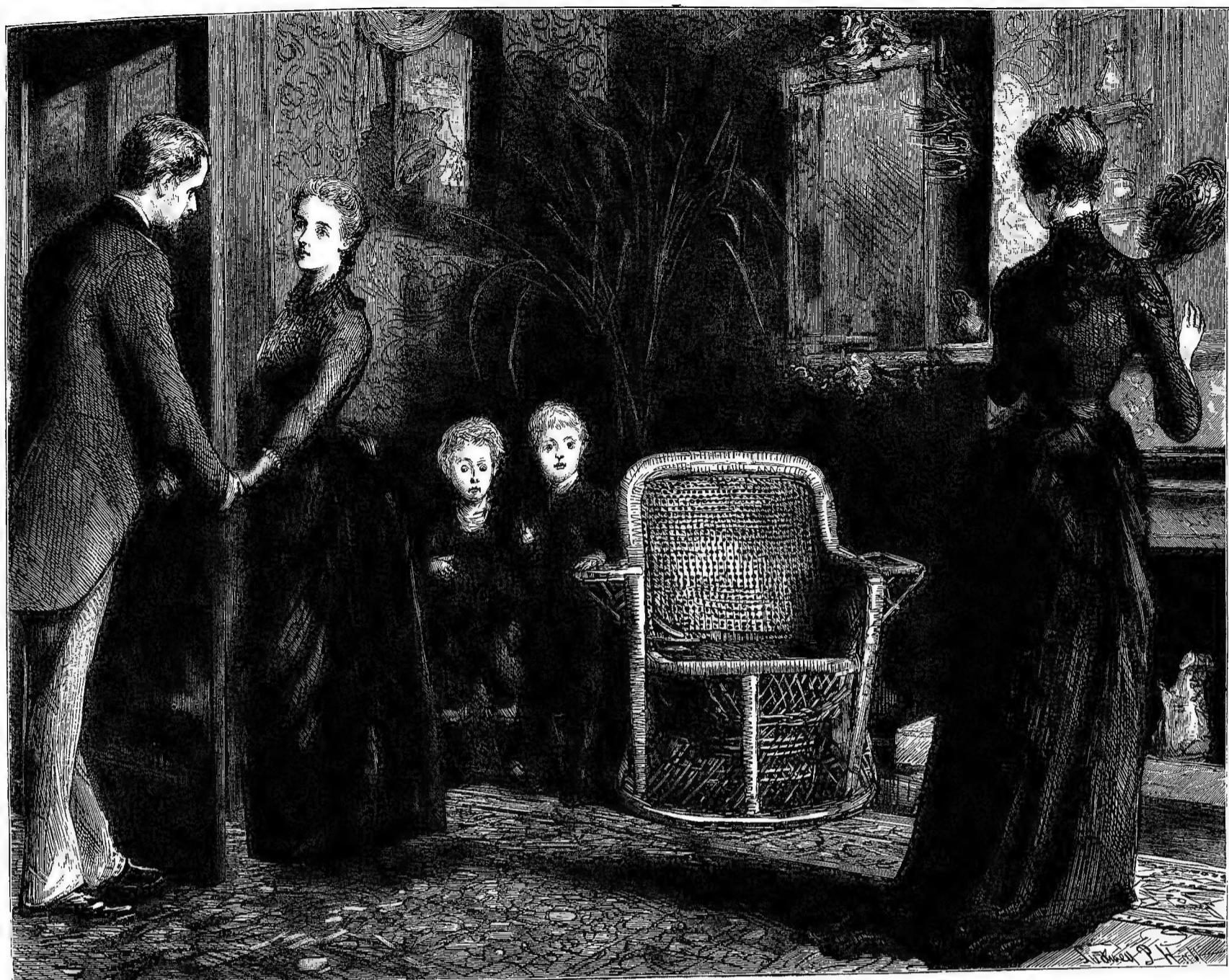
housewifery, in which our grandmothers excelled

far more than it is to be feared, their granddaughters of to-day. People are now

beginning to realise that these women accom-

plishments of the household had a charm all

their own; they are beginning to express very



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

Then, with Mrs. Dormer-Smith's eyes fixedly regarding him, Owen took May's cold little hand in his own.

# "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPPE,

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

EVEN in the moment of her first dismay, that admirable woman Pauline Dormer-Smith was true to the great social duty of keeping up appearances. She turned her head over her shoulder to James, who was hovering uneasily in the background, and said softly, "Oh, yes; it is Mr. Owen Rivers. That is quite right"—as if Mr. Owen Rivers's presence were the most natural and welcome thing in the world. Then, shutting the door on James and on Society, she advanced towards the two young people, who had risen on her entrance, and said, with a kind of reproachful feebleness, conveying the impression that she was reduced to the last stage of debility, and that it was entirely their fault, "I had scarcely credited the footman's statement that you were here having a private interview with my niece, Mr. Rivers. He tells me that he informed you of the family affliction which has befallen us. Under the circumstances, you must allow me to say that I think you have shown some want of delicacy in insisting on being admitted."

shown some want of delicacy in insisting on being admitted."

May glanced at Owen, but as he did not speak on the instant, she did. She took her aunt's passive fingers in her own, and said, "Aunt Pauline, he had a right to insist on seeing me, because—"

"Excuse me, May," interrupted Mrs. Dormer-Smith, waving the girl off, "I beg you will go to your own room; I will speak with this gentleman."

"No, Aunt Pauline, I *cannot* go away until I have spoken," cried May pleadingly. "Please to hear me. I wished to tell you the truth long ago, but I was bound by a promise; now we are both agreed that it is right to speak out, are we not?" she said, looking across at Owen. It seemed to her that he was less eager to claim her—less proud of her affection, less ardently loving—than her imagination had pictured him. There was something in the quietude of his attitude which depressed and mortified her; it was like—almost like indifference. An insidious jealousy was discolouring everything which she looked on with her "mind's eye." It is not always a sufficient defence against a poison of that sort to have a noble, candid nature, any more than it is a sufficient defence against foul air: to have sound, healthy lungs; it will fasten sometimes on the worthiest qualities—a humble opinion of ourselves, a high admiration for others. The hinted slanders which May had heard had aroused no baser suspicion in her than that Owen

perhaps did not love her so entirely as he at first had fancied—that his sympathy and compassion and admiration for Louisa Bransby were strong enough to compete with his attachment for *her*. And she knew by her own heart that if this were so his love was not such a love as she had dreamed of—not such a love as she had given to him. And yet all the while she was struggling against the influence of this subtly-penetrating distrust, and trying to shake it off, like an ugly dream.

"I am engaged to marry Owen Rivers," she said abruptly, after a pause which lasted but an instant, but which had seemed long to her.

"No, no; I must beg you to retire, I cannot hear this sort of thing," returned her aunt, waving her hand again, and turning away her head. "You, at least, must understand, Mr. Rivers, that it is entirely out of the question. How you can have entertained so preposterous an idea I cannot imagine. You must have seen something of the world, I presume? You ought to be able to perceive that—but, in short, the thing is preposterous, and cannot be seriously discussed for a moment."

"Dearest, since your aunt addresses me, let me reply to her," said Owen. He spoke in a quiet tone, although inwardly he was excited and indignant enough. "I must tell you, Mrs. Dormer-Smith, that we are neither of us acting on a rash impulse. We have been parted for more than three months, during which time May has been free to give me up without breaking any pledge, or incurring—from me, at least—any reproaches. If she had wavered—if she had found that she had mistaken her own feelings—she was free as air. I should have made no claim, and laid no blame on her."

"To marry without loving—that appears to me like insanity," said May, scornfully.

"At Berlin!" cried May, with hot indignation. "How can

"Aunt Pauline!" cried May with hot indignation. "How can you say so? I would never have thought of marrying Mr. Bragg, even if Owen had not existed!"

"But apart from that," pursued Mrs. Dormer-Smith, ignoring the interruption, "your pretensions would have been quite inadmissible. You have heard of the death of my poor cousin Lucius. You had probably calculated on it. I do not mean to bring any special accusation against you there. Of course, in the case of a person of poor dear Lucius's social importance, all sorts of calculations were made by all sorts of people. My brother Augustus is now the next heir to the family title and estates. Under these circumstances I leave it to your own good sense to determine whether he is likely to consent to his daughter's marrying—really I am ashamed to speak of it seriously!—a person who, in however praiseworthy a manner, is filling the position of a hired clerk!"

This shaft fell harmless, since both May and her lover were honestly free from any sense of humiliation in the fact of Owen's being a hired clerk, and sincerely willing to accept that position for him.

Owen answered calmly, "You can probably judge far better than I as to what your brother is likely to think on that subject." Then turning towards May, he said, "I think, my dearest, that you had better leave your aunt and me to speak quietly together. You have been sufficiently pained and agitated already. You look quite pale. Go, darling, and leave me to speak with Mrs. Dormer-Smith."

"I will do as you wish," she said to Owen.

The listlessness of her tone he interpreted as a sign of weary and over-wrought. And, in truth, it was partly due to that cause.

as though they were somebody else's intrusive little boys. On this occasion, however, she did not altogether disapprove of their presence. It was certainly less *inconvenient* that they should have been known by the servants to be present at the interview, than if May had been without even that small amount of *chaperonage*. She had no idea that it was Harold who had brought about the interview, or he might not have got off so easily!

"Go away, little boys," she said, in her sweet, soft, voice. "Go away upstairs. Cannot Cecilia find some lessons for you to do? You really must not prowl about this part of the house in the afternoon."

The children trotted after their cousin willingly enough. They never wished to stay with their mother.

"We shall meet again soon, my dear one," whispered Owen, as he opened the door. And then, with Mrs. Dormer-Smith's eyes fixedly regarding him, he took May's cold little hand in his own, and kissed it, before she passed out.

Pauline observed his demeanour with an unbiased judgment. She would, in the cause of duty, willingly have had him kidnapped and sent off to New Caledonia at that moment. But she said to herself, "He has the manner of a gentleman. It is most disastrous!" For she felt that this circumstance increased her own difficulties.

"Now, Mrs. Dormer-Smith," said Owen, when the door was shut, "I can answer you with more perfect frankness than I should have liked to employ in May's presence. You were so kind as to say that you would leave it to my good sense to determine whether Captain Cheffington was likely to consent to my marriage with his daughter. My answer is quite simple. I do not intend to ask his consent."

"You do not intend to ask—his consent?" ejaculated Pauline, leaning back in her chair, and, in the extremity of her astonishment at this young man's audacity, letting fall a hand-screen which she had been using to shield her face from the fire.

Owen picked it up and restored it to her before repeating "No; I do not intend to ask his consent."

"And do you hope to persuade my niece to disregard her father's authority?—Not to mention other members of the family who have a right to be heard!"

"There is only one member of the family who has a right to be heard—Mrs. Dobbs. And her consent I hope I have obtained."

Pauline was for the moment stricken speechless by hearing Mrs. Dobbs mentioned as a member of the family. "The family!" Good heavens, what was the world coming to? She pressed her hand to her forehead with a bewildered look.

Owen went on resolutely. "As to parental authority—Mrs. Dormer-Smith, your brother has abdicated all parental authority over May. He abandoned her—pardon me, I *must* use that word; for it is the only one which expresses what I mean—when she was a young, motherless child. He went away to his own occupations, or pleasures—anyway, he went to live his own life in his own way, utterly careless of May's welfare and happiness. You may tell me that he was sure of her finding the tenderest treatment under her grandmother's roof. He was not sure of it; for he never troubled himself to consider the question. But if he had been sure, he had no right to leave his child as he did. At any rate, having done so, it is too late to pretend that she is morally bound to consider his wishes."

Pauline put her handkerchief to her eyes. "My poor brother Augustus is much to be pitied," she murmured. "Allowances must be made for a man in his position. That unfortunate marriage—"

"I have never been told," said Owen, "that Miss Susan Dobbs seized upon Captain Cheffington and compelled him by main force to marry her. And—judging from what I know of her mother and daughter—I should think it unlikely."

"Oh, one understands that sort of thing," returned Pauline, with languid disdain. "A young woman in her class of life is not to be judged by our standards. No doubt she thought herself justified in doing the best she could for herself."

"It strikes me that she did very badly for herself—lamentably badly. I do not wish to say anything needlessly offensive, but we are in the way of plain speaking, and I must point out to you that so far from any consideration being due to your brother, he is—from the point of view of an honest man wishing to marry May—a person to be decidedly ashamed of. There are in the city of Oldchester, his late wife's native place, many tradesmen, and even mechanics, who would strongly object to connect themselves by marriage with Captain Cheffington."

To say that Mrs. Dormer-Smith was astonished by this speech would be but faintly to express her sensations. She was bewildered. She had often heard Augustus severely blamed. She had been compelled to blame him herself. Of course he ought not to have thrown away his career as he had done. They had agreed as to that. But all this blame had assumed that Augustus had chiefly injured—firstly, himself; and in the second place, and more indirectly, the whole Cheffington family.

Persons who live exclusively in any one narrow atmosphere are apt to have a strange simplicity, or ignorance, as one may choose to call it, as to large sections of their fellow creatures outside that sphere. And in no class is that kind of *naïveté* more commonly found than in that to which Mrs. Dormer-Smith belonged, where it is often intensified by the conviction that they possess what is called "knowledge of the world" in a supreme degree.

It was far too late in the day to bring much enlightenment to Mrs. Dormer-Smith. Owen's words merely struck her mind with a shock of wonder and dismay, and then glanced off again. The impression of having received a shock, however, did remain with her, and made her as resentful as was possible to her placid nature. In speaking of Mr. Rivers afterwards to her husband, she said,

"I believe him, Frederick, to be a Nihilist."

But for the present her mind was concentrated on the aim of breaking off what Owen chose to call his engagement to her niece, and she was not to be turned aside from it. She addressed herself to argue the case with Owen. In argument she possessed the immense advantage (if it be an advantage to reduce one's adversary to silence) of supposing that the statement of any one truth on her part was a sufficient answer to any other truth which might be advanced against her. As, for instance, when Owen insisted on Captain Cheffington's having forfeited all moral claim to May's duty and affection, she replied that it was a dreadful thing to set a child against a parent; and when Owen denied the right of May's relatives to prevent her from making a marriage of affection, she retorted that Mr. Rivers came of undeniably gentle blood himself, and ought to understand her (Mrs. Dormer-Smith's) strong family feeling.

But when even this powerful kind of logic failed to make any impression on Owen's obduracy, she changed her attack, and inquired what he was prepared to offer to her niece, in exchange for the magnificent prospect of being Mrs. Joshua Bragg, with settlements and pin-money such as every Duke's daughter would desire, and very few Duke's daughters could achieve.

"But, my dear madam," said Owen, "why speak of that alternative when May has assured you, in my presence, that nothing would induce her to marry Mr. Bragg?"

"Oh, Mr. Rivers, I am surprised you know so little of the world! May is a mere child: peculiarly childish for her age. Besides, even supposing she definitively rejected Mr. Bragg, there will be other good matches open to her now. The death of my poor cousin Lucius has made a vast difference in all that, as you must be well aware."

"To me, Mrs. Dormer-Smith, it has made no difference. May is

herself. That is why I love her. She is not in the least transfigured, in my imagination, by being the daughter of a man who may, or may not, be Lord Castlecombe at some future day!"

"Oh," said Mrs. Dormer-Smith, shaking her head with the old plaintive air, "you need not entertain any doubts as to my brother's succession. He is the next heir. And the estates—at least the bulk of them—are entailed."

"Good heavens!" cried Owen, in despair, "can you not understand that I care not one straw whether they are entailed or not? That I would proudly and joyfully make May my wife—she being what she is—if her father trundled a barrow through the streets?"

Whether Mrs. Dormer-Smith could, or could not, understand this, at any rate she certainly did not believe it. She merely shook her head once more, and said softly, "I think you ought to consider her prospects a little, Mr. Rivers. It appears to me that your views are entirely selfish."

This seemed very hopeless. With a last effort to come to an understanding, Owen took refuge in a plain and categorical statement of facts. He had loved May when she was penniless. So far as he knew, she was still so. He hoped to be able to offer her a modest home. She had not been accustomed to luxury or show—the season in London having been a mere episode, and not the main part of her life. Absolute destitution they were quite secure from.

He possessed one hundred and fifty pounds a year of his own. (Pauline gave a little shudder at this. It positively seemed to her worse than nothing at all. With nothing certain in the way of income, a boundless field was left open for possibilities. But a hundred and fifty pounds a year was a hard, hideous, circumscribing fact, like the bars of a cage!) He was receiving about as much again for his services as secretary. Moreover, he had tried his hand at literature, not unsuccessfully. He had earned a few pounds by his pen already, and hoped to earn more. That was the state of the case. If May, God bless her! were content with it, he submitted that no one else could fairly object.

Mrs. Dormer-Smith rose from her chair, to signify that the interview was at an end. Indeed, what use could there be in prolonging it? "I confess," she said, "you have astonished me, Mr. Rivers. If May—an inexperienced young girl not yet nineteen—is content, you think no one else has a right to interfere! At that rate, if she chose to marry the footman, we must all stand by without raising a finger to prevent it. That is, certainly, very extraordinary doctrine."

Owen drew himself up, and looked full at her with those blue eyes, which could shine so fiercely upon occasion, as he answered, "I have already admitted the right of one person to be consulted about May's future:—the benevolent, unselfish, high-minded woman, who befriended her, and cherished her, and was a mother to her, when she was deserted by every one else. As to her marrying the footman—it is clear, madam, that she might have married the hangman, for all the effort you would have made to prevent it, until Mrs. Dobbs bribed you to take some notice of your niece! But in marrying a Rivers of Riversmead I need not, I suppose, inform you that she will confer on you the honour of a connection with a race of gentlemen compared with whom—if we are to stand on genealogies—half the names in the Peerage are a mere fungous growth of yesterday."

It was the first word he had said to her which was less than courteously forbearing. And it was the first word which gave her a momentary twinge of regret that his suit was altogether inadmissible. She contrasted his bearing with that of May's two other wooers:—Bransby the smooth, and Bragg the unpolished; and she said to herself with a sigh, that there was no doubt about this young man's pedigree, and that "*bon sang ne peut mentir.*" But not therefore did she flinch from her position. She answered him in the same words she had used years ago to her brother, in that very room. "It will not do, Mr. Rivers. I assure you, it will not do!"

Then she bent her head with quiet grace, and moved to go away.

"One instant, Mrs. Dormer-Smith!" Owen said, following her to the door of the dining-room. "I wish, if you please, to speak with May again before I go away."

"Impossible. I cannot, compatibly with my duty, consent to to your seeing her now, or at any future time."

"Am I to understand that you forbid me your house?"

"If you please. Unless, indeed, you consent to come in any other character than as my niece's suitor. In that case it would give me great pleasure to receive you as I have done before."

He stood looking at her rather blankly. The position was undeniably awkward. It was impossible—for May's sake, if from no other consideration—to make a scene of violence, and insist upon seeing her. And, even if he did so, Mrs. Dormer-Smith might still resist. She was mistress of the situation so far. Even in his vexation and perplexity, the ludicrous side of the affair struck him.

"Well," said he, after a moment, taking up his hat, "I cannot intrude into your house against your will. Our only resource must be to meet elsewhere. I warn you we shall do so. Of course, it is idle to suppose that you have the power to keep us apart."

Mrs. Dormer-Smith shook her head, and repeated with gentle obstinacy, "It will not do, Mr. Rivers. I really am very sorry. But it will not do."

"War, then, is declared between us?"

"Oh, I hope not! I trust you will think better of it," she said, in a mildly persuasive tone, as though she were suggesting that he should leave off tea, or take to woollen clothing. "I, at least, have no warlike intentions, Mr. Rivers; for I am going to ask you to do me a favour. Be so very kind as to wait until I ring, and let my servant show you out in a civilised manner. It is quite unnecessary to publish our differences of opinion to the servants' hall."

Accordingly she rang the bell, and, when James appeared, said sweetly, in an audible voice, "Good-bye, Mr. Rivers." Whereupon Owen made her a profound bow, and departed.

As he passed through the hall, he looked about him wistfully in the hope that May might be lingering near—might possibly be looking down from the upper part of the staircase. But she did not appear. The house was profoundly silent. James stood waiting with the door in his hand. There was no help for it. He strode away with various conflicting feelings, thoughts, projects, and hopes struggling in his mind—of which the uppermost at that special moment was a strong inclination to burst out laughing.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IT was not until Owen had nearly reached Collingwood Terrace that the thought struck him, "What if Mr. Bragg should withdraw his countenance from him, and dismiss him from his employment, when he learned that he was betrothed to May?"

The idea of Mr. Bragg in the light of a rival disconcerted and confused all his previous conception of his employer. At the first blush it had appeared ludicrous—incredible. But, on reflection, there was, he found, nothing so extravagant in it. Mr. Bragg had a right to seek a wife to please himself; he was but little past middle life, after all. And as to the disparity in years between him and May, that was certainly not unprecedented. He had taken his rejection well, and manfully—even with a touch of chivalry; but he might not, any the more, be disposed to continue his favour towards Owen when he should discover the state of the case. He might even suspect that there had been some kind of plot to deceive him! That was a very uncomfortable thought, and sent the blood tingling through Owen's veins.

There was clearly but one thing to be done—to tell Mr. Bragg

the truth at all hazards. As he walked along the pavement within a few hundred yards of Mrs. Bransby's door, he reflected that the revelation would come better and more gracefully from May than from himself; he was not supposed to be aware of what had passed between May and Mr. Bragg—it was best that he should still seem to ignore it. He had a sympathetic sense that Mr. Bragg's wounded feelings might endure May's delicate handling, while he would shrink resentfully from any masculine touch.

Owen regretted now more than ever that he had not seen May again before leaving her aunt's house; they had had no time to consult together, or to form any plan of action for the future. Their interview seemed, in Owen's recollection, to have passed like a swift gleam of light in a sky over which the clouds are flying. (It had, in sober fact, lasted above half-an-hour before Mrs. Dormer-Smith's appearance on the scene.) And now he was forbidden the house! Forbidden to see her! And yet he told himself over and over again that he could not have acted otherwise than he had acted at the time. Well, it was too absurd to suppose that she could be treated as a prisoner. They must meet soon, and meanwhile there was a penny post in the land, and her letters, at least, would not be tampered with. He would write to her the moment he got home; she would receive his letter the next morning, and by that same afternoon she could put Mr. Bragg in possession of the fact of her engagement.

And after she had done so—?

The "afterwards" seemed hazy, certainly. But at least there was no doubt as to the plain duty of both of them not to keep their engagement any longer secret from Mr. Bragg. It was a comfort to see clearly the right course as regarded the steps immediately before them. For the rest—they had youth, and hope, and they loved each other!

Owen let himself into the house with his latch-key, and went straight to his own room to write to May. When the note was finished, he took it out and posted it, and then proceeded to the sitting-room.

The table was spread for tea; all the tea equipage bright and glistening as cleanliness could make it. A cheerful fire burned in the grate. Bobby and Billy, seated side by side on a couple of low stools in one corner, were occupied with a big book full of coloured pictures. Ethel was sewing. Martin stood leaning against the mantelpiece close to his mother's arm-chair. And in a chair at the opposite corner of the hearth sat Mr. Bragg, with Enid on his knee!

When Owen entered Mr. Bragg said, "Well, Mr. Rivers, you see I've found my way to Mrs. Bransby's. I ought to have come and paid her my respects before now. But you know I've had my hands pretty full since I came back to England."

Something in his tone and his look seemed to convey a hint to be silent as to their conversation of that morning. And accordingly Owen made no allusion to it.

"It is so pleasant to see an Oldchester face, is it not?" said Mrs. Bransby.

"Some Oldchester faces," returned Owen, laughing. Then he said, "Well, Enid! Have you not a word to say to me? Won't you come and give me a kiss?"

Miss Enid, who was a born coquette, and who was, moreover, greatly interested in Mr. Bragg's massive watch-chain and seal, replied with imperious brevity, "No; don't want to."

Mr. Bragg looked down gravely on the small creature, and then up at Owen, as he said—half shyly, and yet with a certain twinge of complacency. "Why, she *would* come and set on my knee, almost the first minute she saw me."

"Perhaps you had better get down, Baby," said Mrs. Bransby. "I am afraid she may be troublesome."

"Troublesome? Lord, no! Why, I don't feel she's there, no more than a fly. Let her bide," said Mr. Bragg.

"Ah, I know what she is:—she's fickle," observed Owen, drawing up his chair.

"*Not* pickle!" declared Miss Enid, with great majesty.

"Yes, you are! False, fleeting, perjured Enid!" said Owen. He was delighted to perceive that the little home and its inmates had evidently made a favourable impression on Mr. Bragg. Observing that gentleman in the new light of May's revelation, he saw something in his face which he had not seen there before:—a regretful, far-away look, whenever he was not speaking, or being spoken to. It was wonderfully strange, certainly, to think of him as May's wooer! And yet not absurd, as it had appeared at first. In Mr. Bragg's presence, the absurdity, somehow, vanished. The simplicity and reality of the man gave him dignity. Owen even began to feel something like a vague and respectful compassion for Mr. Bragg. And every now and then the peculiarity of their mutual position would come over him with a fresh sense of surprise.

"We have been having a little conversation, Mrs. Bransby and me, about her boy here," said Mr. Bragg, glancing across at Martin, who coloured, and smiled with repressed eagerness. Mr. Bragg continued to observe him thoughtfully. "He tells me he wants to help his mother. And he's not afraid or ashamed of work, it seems."

"Ashamed!" broke out Martin. "No, I hope I ain't such a cad as that!"

"Martin!" cried his mother anxiously. She was nervous lest he should give offence.

But Mr. Bragg answered with a little nod, which certainly did not express disapprobation, "Well, the boy's about right. To be ashamed of the wrong things, does belong to—what you might call a cad. I expect," pursued Mr. Bragg musingly, "that if we could always apply our shame in the right place, we should all of us do better than we do."

"I suppose I dare not offer you any tea at this hour?" said Mrs. Bransby, gently. "You have not dined, of course."

"Well, no; not under the name of dinner, I haven't! But I ate a hearty luncheon; and I believe that's about as much dinner as I want; to do me any good, you know. I'll have a cup of tea, please."

Mrs. Bransby certainly felt no misapplied shame as to the humbleness and poverty of her surroundings; and was far too truly a gentlewoman to think of apologising for them. Ethel, who was growing to be quite a notable little housewife, quietly fetched another cup and saucer from the kitchen; and that was all the difference which Mr. Bragg's presence made in the ordinary arrangements.

Enid insisted on having her high chair placed close to Mr. Bragg at table. And, but for her sister's watchful interposition, she would have demonstrated her sudden affection for him by transferring sundry morsels of bread-and-butter which she had been tightly squeezing in her small fingers from her plate to his, with the patronising remark, "Oo have dat. I tan't eat any more."

While the meal was still in progress there came a knock at the street door. It was a very peculiar knock; consisting of two or three sharp raps, followed by one solemn rap, and then—after an appreciable interval—by several more hurried little raps, as if the hand at the knocker had forgotten all about its previous performances, and were beginning afresh.

"Who can this be?" said Mrs. Bransby, looking up in surprise. Visitors at any time were rare with her now; and at that hour, unprecedented.

"Old Bucher come back to say he can't live without us," suggested Martin.

Whereupon Bobby and Billy, with consternation in their faces, exclaimed simultaneously, "Oh, I say!" And Enid, perceiving the general attention to be diverted from her, took that opportunity to

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polish the bowl of her spoon, by rubbing it softly against Mr. Bragg's coat sleeve.

The family were not kept long in suspense. As soon as the door was opened, a well-known voice was heard, saying volubly, "Ah! we are they? Well, never mind! Take in my card, if you at tea, are they? Well, dear me! I haven't got one! But if you will kindly please, and—dear me! I haven't got one! But if you will kindly say, an old friend from Oldchester begs leave to wait on Mrs. Bransby."

"Why, it's Simmy!" cried the children, starting up, and rushing to the door. "Here's a lark!" exclaimed Bobby. While Billy, to the visitor's skirt, roared out hospitably, "Come along! tugging at the visitor's skirt, roared out hospitably, "Come along! Mother's in there. Come in! Mother, here's Simmy!"

Mrs. Sebastian Bach Simpson it was. She appeared on the threshold—rubicund visage, glittering spectacles, filmy curls, and girlish giggle, all as usual; and began to apologise for what she called her "unauthorised yet perhaps not wholly inexcusable intrusion," with her old amiability and incoherency. She had come prepared to keep up a cheerful mien, having decided, in her own mind, not to distress the feelings of the family by any lachrymose allusions. But when Mrs. Bransby rose up to welcome her, and not only took her by the hand, but kissed her on the cheek, and led her towards the place of honour in the arm-chair, this proceeding so overcame the kind-hearted creature that she abruptly turned her back on them all, pulled out her pocket-handkerchief, and burst into tears.

"I really must apologise," she sobbed, still presenting the broad back of a very smart shawl to the company—an attitude which made her elaborate politeness extremely comical; for she addressed her speech point-blank to the wall-paper, with abundance of bows and gestures. "I am ashamed, indeed. Pray excuse me! The suddenness of the emotion, and the sight of the dear children, coupled with—I believe—a slight touch of the prevalent influenza, but nothing in the least infectious, dear Mrs. Bransby! But pray do not allow me to disturb the harmony of this fest—festive meeting with 'most admired disorder,' as our immortal bard puts it! Although what there is to admire in disorder, and who admired it, must probably remain for ever ambiguous."

By the end of this speech—the utterance of which had been interrupted by several interludes of pocket-handkerchief—Mrs. Simpson was sufficiently composed to turn round, and take the chair offered to her. The children were grinning undisguisedly. "Simmy" was associated in their minds with many pleasant and many comical recollections. Mrs. Bransby was smiling too. But perhaps it was only the warning spectacle of Mrs. Simpson's emotion which enabled her to choke down her own inclination to cry.

"This is a most pleasant surprise," she said. "When did you arrive in London?"

"Why, the fact is," began Amelia. "But, suddenly interrupting herself, she jumped up from her seat, and made Mr. Bragg a sweeping curtsey. "Pardon me," she exclaimed, "if, in the first moment, I was oblivious of your presence! Although not personally acquainted, Oldchester people claim the privilege of recognising Mr. Bragg as one of our native products. An unforeseen honour, indeed! And—do my eyes deceive me, or have I the pleasure of greeting Mr. Owen Rivers? What an extraordinary coincidence! I had heard you were residing here in the character of a boarder," she added, as emphatically as though that were an obvious reason for being surprised to see him there. "Really, I seem to be transported back into our ancient city; and should scarcely start to hear the Cathedral chimes, or the steam whistle from the brewery, or any of the dear familiar sounds—although the steam whistle, I must admit, is trying, and, in certain forms of nervous disorder, I believe excruciating."

It was not easy, at any time, to obtain a clear and collected answer to a question from Mrs. Simpson. But in her present state of excitement the difficulty was immensely increased. Her language—partly in honour of Mr. Bragg—was so flowery, and she kept darting up every discursive cross-alley which opened out of the main line of talk in so bewildering a fashion, as to become at moments unintelligible. And it was a long time before any of the party elicited from her how it was that she came to be in London. At length, however, it appeared that "Bassy" was entrusted with a commission to buy a pianoforte; and having found a substitute to take his organ and attend to his pupils for a week, he and his wife had suddenly resolved to take a holiday in London together.

"I had, of course, intended to seek you out, dear Mrs. Bransby," she said; "ever mindful, as I must be, of the many kind favours I have received from you and—" here she gulped dangerously; but recovered herself and went on—"from all the family. But we came away in such a hurry at the last, a cheap excursion train being in fact our immediate motive."

"Locomotive," put in Martin, jocosely.

"Quite so," said Amelia, with the utmost suavity. "A very proper correction." Then, seeing his mischievous face dimpling with laughter, she exclaimed, "Oh, of course! Locomotive. Very good, Martin! Ah, I am as absent as ever, you see!" (Here she playfully shook her head until sundry metallic bobs upon her bonnet fell off, and had to be hunted for and picked up.) "Well, so it was. I was hurried away by Bassy's impetuosity—although, in justice to him, I must state that the time bills were peremptory, and there was no margin for delay or deliberation—almost without a carpet bag! I had no opportunity, therefore, of inquiring of any mutual friend in Oldchester for your address."

"There are scarcely any who know it; or care to know it," said Mrs. Bransby, in a low voice.

"Oh, pardon me, dear Mrs. Bransby! No, no; that must not be said, for the honour of Oldchester! Your memory is affectionately cherished by all the more refined and sympathetic souls among us. Only last week, Mr. Crump the butcher was respectfully inquiring for news of you. You remember Crump? A worthy man, whose spirit—notwithstanding the dictum of the Swan of Avon—is by no means 'subdued to what it works in,' beyond a transient greasiness, which lies merely on the surface."

"Yes; I remember him very well. But who, then, was it who directed you to this house?" asked Mrs. Bransby, hoping that her guest was not aware why Martin had suddenly retired behind the window curtains in a paroxysm of laughter.

"Ah! That again, is one of the most extraordinary circumstances! Who do you think it was?"

"I cannot tell, at all."

"Guess!"

"Miss Piper, perhaps," suggested Ethel.

"Not exactly Miss Piper," said Mrs. Simpson, with strong emphasis on the qualifying adverb, as though her informant's identity were only barely distinguishable from that of Miss Piper. "But you burn, Ethel! You are very near. However, I will not keep you longer in suspense. It was Miss Clara Bertram."

"Oh! I might have thought of her; for she is a neighbour of ours," said Mrs. Bransby.

"Is she?" asked Owen.

"Yes; she lives in a house with a rather good garden, not far from here. The situation is a little inconvenient for her profession, I fancy. But she has invalid relatives, to whom the garden is a great boon. We met accidentally in the street one day, and she recognised me at once. I was surprised that she did so."

"Nay, I should rather have been surprised had she forgotten you. 'For the heart,' dear Mrs. Bransby, 'that once truly loves, never forgets.' But as fondly loves on to the—' Not, of course, that there was anything beyond the very slightest acquaintance between you and Miss Bertram in Oldchester. Bassy is, in fact, at her house now, with a few musical professors, whom she kindly invited

us to meet—the artistic element which is so akin to Bassy's soul—combined with the seductions of the Indian weed, of which Miss Bertram's papa is quite a devotee—so that, you see, finding you were so near, I slipped away to see you; and I have promised to return before it is time to go back to the boarding-house where we are staying."

At this point Mr. Bragg got up to take his leave.

"I shall look in again before long, Mrs. Bransby, if you'll allow me," he said; "and we'll have a little more talk about my young friend there. Good night to you, ma'am," turning to shake hands with Mrs. Simpson.

This brought that lady "to her legs" in more senses than one. She favoured Mr. Bragg with a long and enthusiastic address, embracing an extraordinary variety of topics, from the proud pre-eminence of British commerce, to the force of friendship as portrayed in the classical example of Damon and Pythias.

"I will not ask, in the beautiful words of the Caledonian ditty, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days o' lang syne?' for I am certain that you are entirely incapable of doing anything of the sort, as is proved by your presence beneath this refined roof-tree," said Mrs. Simpson. "But I *must* bear my humble testimony to the eminent virtues of our exquisite friend—if I may be allowed the privilege of calling her so. I have seen her basking in prosperity, and unspoiled by the snails of fortune, and now in the cold shade of comparatively untoward circumstances, she beams with the same congenital lustre. In short," cried Amelia, suddenly abandoning what Bobby and Billy called her "dictionary" style for a homelier language which came straight from the heart, "a better wife and mother, a gentler mistress, a kinder friend there never was, or could be, in this world."

Owen offered to accompany Mr. Bragg in order to show him the way to the nearest cab-stand, and they left the house together.

"She's a sing'lar character," observed Mr. Bragg, after they had walked a few steps.

"You mean Mrs. Simpson?"

"Ah, yes; Mrs. Simpson. There's too much clack about her. And her talk's puzzling from being—what you might call a zigzag sort of a nature. And she's cast in a queer kind of a mould, altogether. But I think she rings true, and that's the main thing, in mortals or metals."

"I'm quite sure her praise of Mrs. Bransby is true, at any rate," said Owen warmly.

"H'm!" grunted Mr. Bragg, and walked on in silence. When they came within view of a cab-stand he turned round, and said he would not trouble Owen to come any further with him. And just as the latter was about to say "Good-night," Mr. Bragg observed meditatively, "She has that little place beautifully neat, and as clean as a new pin. Seems to be bringing up those children in the right way, too. Poor soul! It's a heavy charge for a delicate lady like her. I think I shall be able to do something for that eldest boy. But p'raps you'd better not say anything at present—eh? It's cruel to raise up false hopes. And some folks build such a wonderful high scaffolding of expectations, on a word or two; and there's not bricks enough to do anything adequate to the scaffolding. And then that's awkward. Good-night, Mr. Rivers."

Owen well knew that hopes had already been aroused by the mere presence of the rich man in that poor little home. But he knew, also, that there was no danger of Mrs. Bransby's hopes turning into claims; and that she would be humbly grateful for very small help. He felt almost elated on her behalf, as he returned to Collingwood Terrace. "I only hope," he said to himself, "that Mr. Bragg won't visit any of my sins on Mrs. Bransby's head, when he finds them out! But no; to do the old boy justice, I believe he is above that."

Meanwhile Amelia Simpson had been imparting a budget of Oldchester news. After many discursive sallies she came to the topic of Lucius Cheffington's recent death. He had died since the Simpsons' departure from Oldchester, but his case had been known to be hopeless for several days previous. The old lord was said to be dreadfully cut up; more so, even, than on the death of his eldest son. But Lucius had always been understood to be his father's favourite. "And they do say," continued Mrs. Simpson, "that to a certain fair young friend of ours the blow will be very severe."

"A young friend of ours! Do you mean May Cheffington?"

"Ah, no! Our dear Miranda knew scarcely anything of her noble relatives at Combe Park. And even the most affectionate disposition—and I'm sure our dear Miranda is imbued with every proper feeling—can scarcely cling with personal devotion to an almost total stranger, although united by the ties of kindred! No; I was speaking of Miss Hadlow."

"Constance!"

"Yes, although I have never been on terms to address her by her baptismal appellation, that, I confess, is the young lady I *do* mean."

Then Mrs. Simpson went on to tell her astonished listener how that Constance Hadlow had been visiting some county magnates in the near neighbourhood of Combe Park during the latter part of Lucius's illness; how she had been admitted to see and talk with the invalid, when other persons had been excluded with scant courtesy; how she had rapidly come to be on a footing of intimacy at the great house, which astonished the neighbourhood; and how at length that fact was explained by the current report that if Lucius had recovered—which at one time appeared not unlikely—he would have married her, with his father's full approbation.

"I did not venture to allude to the subject before Mr. Rivers—how brown he has become! Quite the southern hue of romance!—because, you know, he was said at one time to be desperately in love with his cousin; and I feared to hurt his feelings."

"Oh, I don't think it would hurt his feelings," said Mrs. Bransby; "I really do not believe he cares at all for his cousin, in that way."

"I'm sure he doesn't!" cried Ethel, who took a thoroughly feminine interest in the subject.

"Ethel! I scarcely think you know anything at all about the matter. And I am sure it is not for a little girl like you to give an opinion."

"No, mother. Only—Martin and I know who we should like him to marry. Don't we, Martin?"

Martin was rather shame-faced at being thus brought publicly into the discussion; and rebuffed his sister with a lofty air. "Oh, don't talk bosh and silliness," he rejoined. "Girls are always bothering about a fellow's getting married. Leave him alone. He's very well as he is."

"He is certainly most affable, and thoroughly the gentleman," observed Mrs. Simpson, with her universal, beaming, benevolence.

"Oh, he is good!" cried the widow, clasping her hands. "So delicately considerate! Such a true, loyal friend!"

In her own mind she was convinced that Mr. Bragg's visit was entirely due to Owen's influence. And her heart was overflowing with gratitude.

A new idea darted into Mrs. Simpson's imagination, always ready to accept a romantic view of things. How charming it would be if young Mr. Rivers were to marry the beautiful widow! They would make a delightful couple. Considerations of ways and means entered no more into Mrs. Simpson's calculations than they would have entered into Enid's. The building of her castles in the air was entirely independent of money.

But there was, at bottom, a more common sensible reason which made the idea that Owen might marry Mrs. Bransby, agreeable to Amelia Simpson. In spite of the sympathy of Mr. Crump, the butcher, and other congenial spirits, it could not be denied that

some rumours of a very unpleasant sort had recently been circulated in Oldchester to the discredit of Mrs. Bransby. When it became known that young Rivers, on his return from Spain, was to live in her house, the rumours began to take a more definite shape. No one could trace them to their source—perhaps no one tried very seriously to do so.

People asked each other if they had not always thought there was something a little odd—not quite becoming and nice—in the way that young Rivers used to be running in and out of Martin Bransby's house, at all times and seasons. Even during poor Mr. Bransby's lifetime, strange things had been said—at least, it now appeared so; for very few of the gossips professed to have heard any whispers of scandals themselves, while Martin lived. There was a strange story of young Rivers being caught kissing Mrs. Bransby's hand in the garden. There might be no harm in kissing a lady's hand. But, under the circumstances, there was something, almost revolting, was there not? And, then, why was Mrs. Bransby in such a hurry to run away from Oldchester?—away from all her friends and all her husband's friends? Surely she would have done better to remain there! At all events Mr. Theodore Bransby had been much annoyed by her doing so; and had replied to old friends, who spoke to him on the subject, that he could not control his step-mother's actions; could only advise her for the best; and should endeavour to assist her and her children, if she would allow him to do so. Of course people understood when he said that, that Mrs. Bransby was acting contrary to his judgment. And now Mr. Rivers was actually going to reside in her house! It positively was not decent! No wonder Theodore looked distressed, and avoided the subject. It must be altogether a very painful affair for him.

This kind of scandal, with its inevitable *crescendo*, had been very differently received by Sebastian Simpson and his wife. He could not be said to encourage it; but neither did he repudiate it indignantly. But Amelia was true and devoted to Mrs. Bransby, and incurred some unpopularity by her enthusiastic praises of that absent lady. But there were also people who said what a good creature Mrs. Simpson was, and that—although she was a goose, and had probably been quite taken in—they liked to see her stand up for those who had been kind to her.

Under these circumstances, it was a great triumph for Amelia to find Mr. Bragg—the respectable, the influential, the rich Mr. Bragg—visiting Mrs. Bransby on a friendly footing, and treating her with marked kindness and respect. Simple though she might be, Amelia was not at all too simple to understand that the millionaire's approbation would carry weight with it. But now the idea of a marriage between Owen and the widow seemed still more delightful than the mere clearing of Mrs. Bransby's character from all aspersions. People had said that, as for him, the young man was probably suffering under a temporary infatuation. And that, even supposing the best, and taking the most charitable view of this *flirtation*, it was out of the question that he should think of marrying a woman of Mrs. Bransby's age, and with five children to support!

Why should it be out of the question? Amelia said to herself. The few years' difference in their ages were of no consequence at all. And as to the family—Mr. Bragg would probably take Owen into partnership. He was evidently devotedly fond of them both! She had privately arranged the details of the wedding in her own mind before Owen returned from conducting Mr. Bragg to his cab.

When he did so, Mrs. Simpson declared it was time for her to go, and got up from her chair. But between that and her actual departure a great many words had still to intervene. She reverted to the death in the Castlecombe family; made a brief excursion to the report of Captain Cheffington's second marriage, "truly deplorable!" But still, our dear Miranda is happily launched among the élite of the *beau monde*, so, perhaps, it is not so bad after all! And then suddenly added, "By the way, dear Mrs. Bransby, it was reported that your step-son, Mr. Theodore, intended to withdraw his candidature at the next election. But I am told on the best authority—Mr. Lowe, the political agent—that that is a mistake. So I hope we may see him among the legislators. Quite the figure for it, I'm sure. However, of course, you must know all that news far better than I. I hope to see our dear Miranda before leaving town."

Owen observed, with indignation, that the mention of Theodore appeared to have suggested May to her mind. Nor did the circumstance escape Mrs. Bransby.

"Do you say you shall see May Cheffington?" she asked.

"Yes; I purpose calling. Although well aware of Mrs. Dorner-Smith's high social position, still I think our dear Miranda's warm heart will welcome one who has so recently seen her beloved grandmother. Ah, we do not easily relinquish the fond memories of childhood. Thank you, my dear Ethel. Is that my pocket-handkerchief? Really! I wonder how it came there!" (Ethel had picked it up from under the tea-table.) "I believe that even in the princely halls—I think I left my umbrella in the passage. Eh? Oh, Bobby has found it,—in the princely halls of Castlecombe her memory will revert to Friar's Row. In the words of the poet, 'though strangers may roam, those hills and those valleys I once called my home'—although, of course, Oldchester is not mountainous. And as to roaming, I presume that hills and valleys are always more or less liable to be roamed over by strangers, whether one calls them one's home or not."

By this time Mrs. Simpson had got herself out of the room into the narrow outer passage; and, seeing Owen put on his great coat again, in order to escort her, she stopped to protest against his taking that trouble.

"Oh, pray! Too kind! It is but a stone's throw from here, and I am not at all afraid. Sure of the way? Well, no; not quite sure. I took two wrong turnings in coming. But I can easily inquire for Marlborough House. Eh? Oh, Blenheim Lodge is it? To be sure! Marlborough House is the august residence. However, historically speaking I was not so far wrong, was I? Well, if you insist, Mr. Rivers, I will accept your polite attention with gratitude. Good-bye, once more, dear children. If I possibly can come again before leaving London, dear Mrs. Bransby—"

At this point Owen perceived that decisive measures were necessary, if the good lady's farewells were not to last until midnight. He took Mrs. Simpson's arm, signed to Phoebe to open the door, and led his fair charge outside it, almost before she knew what was happening.

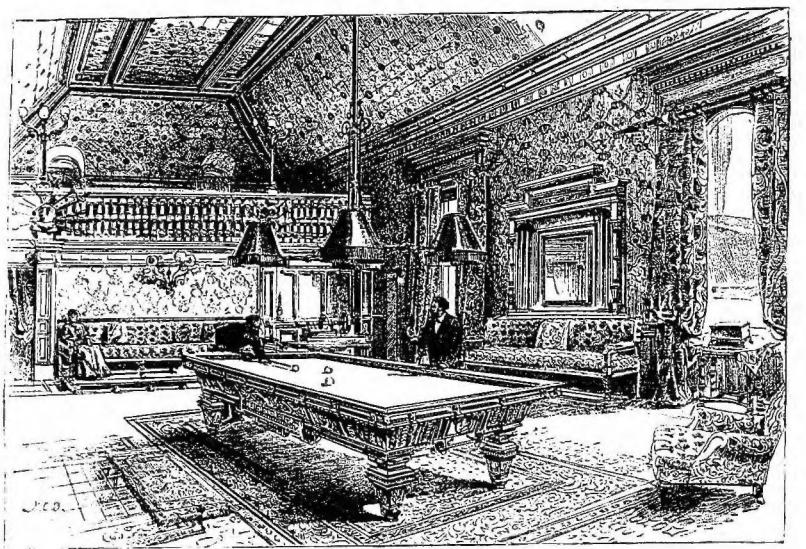
"Excuse me for hurrying you," he said; "but the night is cold; Mrs. Bransby is not very strong; and I thought it imprudent—for both of you—to stand talking in that draughty passage."

"Oh, quite right. Thank you a thousand times. She is deserving, indeed, of every delicate care and attention."

A slighter circumstance would have sufficed to confirm Mrs. Simpson's romantic fancies. She said to herself that Mr. Rivers's devotion was chivalrous indeed. And she forthwith proceeded to sound Mrs. Bransby's praises, in an unbroken stream of eloquence, all the way to Blenheim Lodge. Owen had intended to ask her one or two questions about Mrs. Dobbs, and as to when she thought of calling at Mrs. Dorner-Smith's house. He had even held a half-formed intention of entrusting her with a message for May. But it was hopeless to arrest her flow of speech—unless by making his request in a more serious fashion than he thought it prudent to do. Amelia's good will might be relied on. But she was absolutely devoid of discretion. And, at all events, if he said nothing, there would be no ground for her to build a blunder on.

He little knew!

(To be continued)



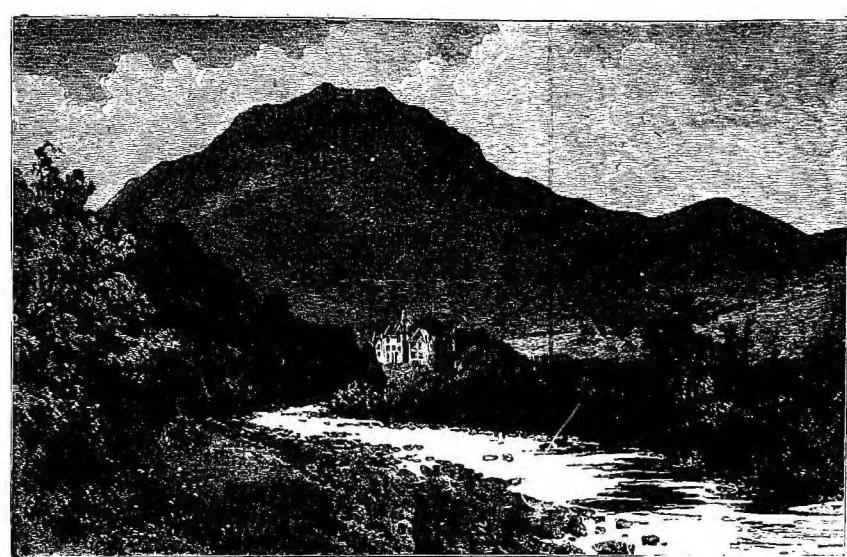
THE BILLIARD ROOM



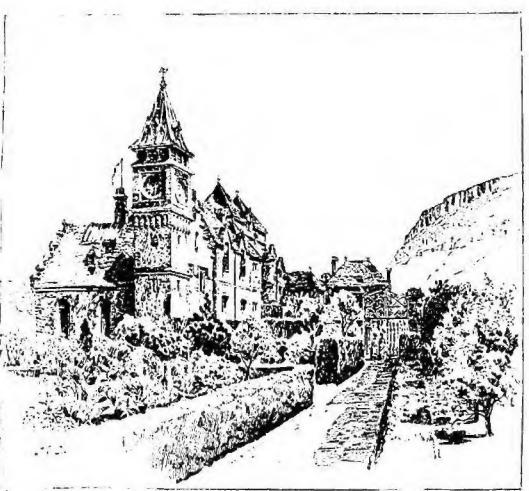
A VIEW IN THE GARDEN



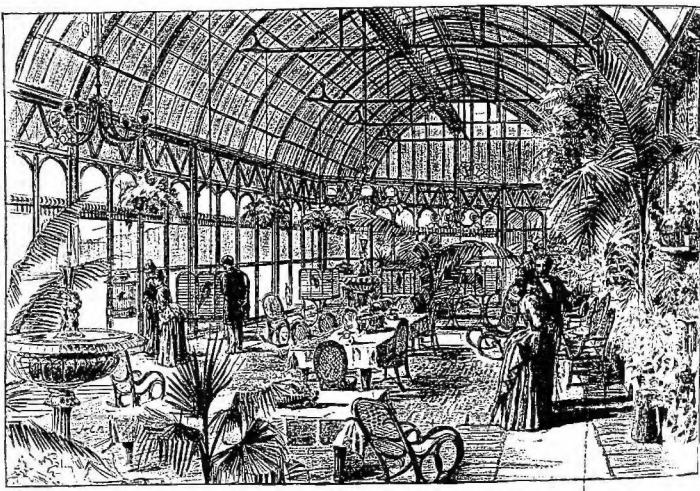
MADAME PATTI-NICOLINI



CRAIG-Y-NOS FROM THE RIVER



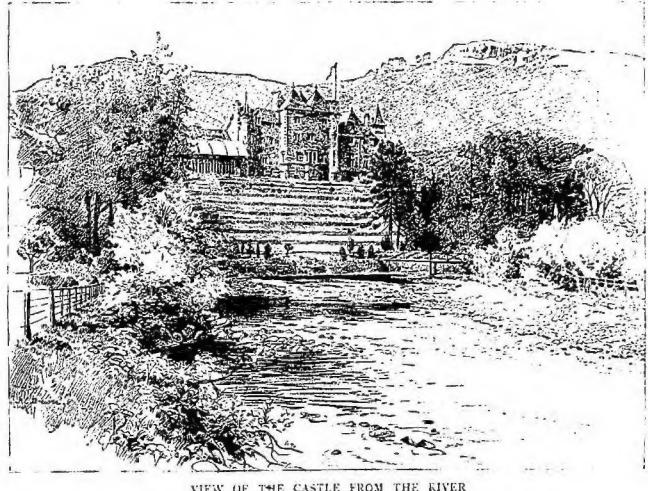
THE CLOCK TOWER



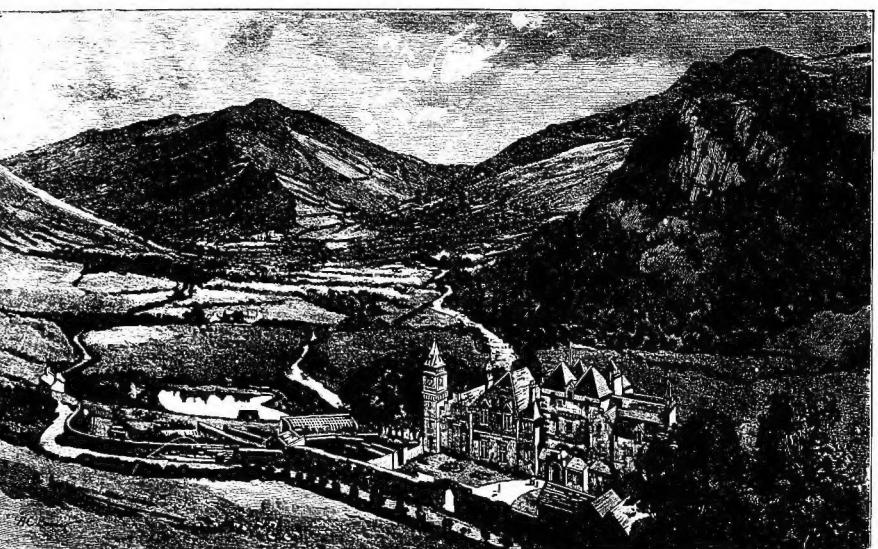
THE CONSERVATORY



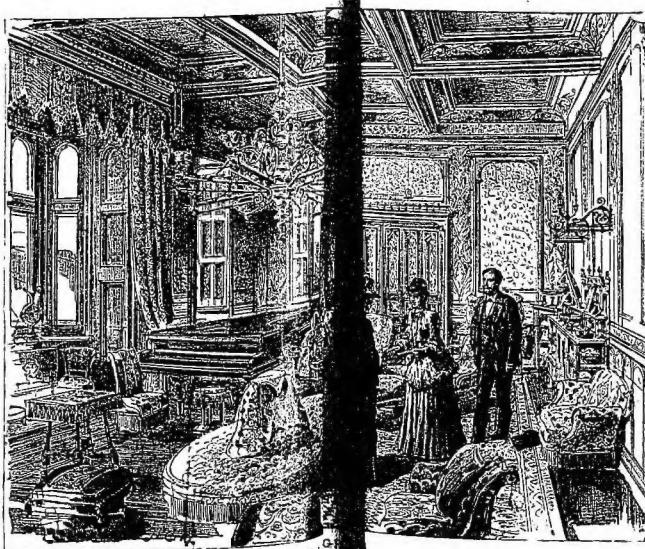
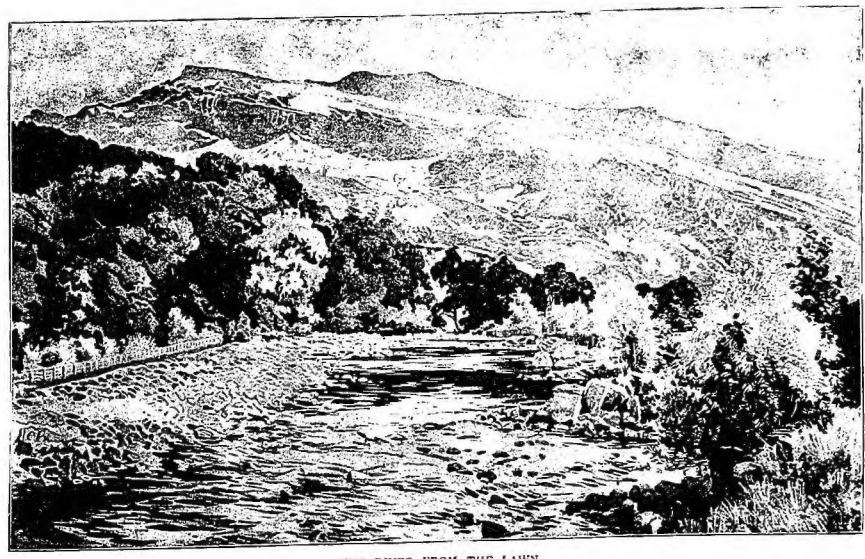
MADAME PATTI-NICOLINI'S BOUDOIR



VIEW OF THE CASTLE FROM THE RIVER



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CASTLE

A PRIMA DIA'S HOME  
SKETCHES AT CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, MADAME PATTI-NICOLINI'S RESIDENCE IN SOUTH WALES

THE RIVER FROM THE LAWN

## CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE

## THE SEAT OF MADAME PATTI-NICOLINI

CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE may be approached from two stations on the Swansea line. Penwyllt, the nearer, is only connected with the Castle by an almost inaccessible footpath, a road is, however, being constructed by Madame Nicolini. Cray Station is at present the most convenient from which to visit the Castle, though it is a drive of seven miles. Those, however, who do not mind a rough walk should certainly approach from Penwyllt, as the landscape is singularly beautiful from this wild pathway. The deep valley watered by a rapid river, the Tawe, is crossed, and the Castle comes in sight at the foot of the gigantic dome-shaped hill from which it receives its name, Craig-y-Nos—"The Rock of the Night." The Castle stands upon a natural platform, with terraces resembling giant steps sloping down to the river, which forms a semi-circle at its base.

It is an irregular pile of buildings in the Gothic style, the earliest portion of which, erected about eighty years back, of grey stone, is a centre pavilion capped by four pyramidal roofs, with a turret bearing a flagstaff attached to the north-east angle. The additions carried out by Madame Patti are two wings, one to the north and the other to the south of this building; a large conservatory; and at the northern extremity a clock tower. The new portions are constructed of red stone, and covered with lofty pavilion roofs of slate. Entering by the front door, and ascending a double flight of steps, the visitor reaches the hall, which runs the whole length of the old building; it is gracefully furnished, and in every available space are placed objects of Art which have been presented to Madame Patti. It is divided into three parts by two pointed arches. Facing is the entrance to the drawing-room, flanked on either side by a Florentine figure holding a bouquet. It is a large room with a bow-window, and in one corner is a recess formed by the turret, hung with crimson velvet, the centre of which is occupied by a bust of Madame Patti supported on a pedestal. The walls are hung with blue and white satin, and the woodwork is painted chocolate and gold. Not only are all the cupboards, *etagères*, &c., loaded with costly gifts, but even the furniture has been presented. The grand piano in one corner of the room is the largest, and considered by many connoisseurs to be the finest, in the world; it was made and presented by the firm of Steinway and Co. The chairs are many of them beautifully embroidered by the donors.

It would be quite impossible to give anything like a description, or even to enumerate these presents, in so short an article. Two of them, however, attract our special attention, because they show the love in which Madame Patti is held by the Welsh. One is a casket of gold and silver presented by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, the other a pair of vases made of gold, silver, and copper, presented by the Welsh of Pennsylvania; another object of great interest is an album containing about sixty souvenirs from all the greatest composers of the last twenty-five years.



SIGNOR NICOLINI

Returning to the hall, and going to the north end of the house, the staircase leading to the bedrooms and upper part of the castle is passed on the right, and further on are the two billiard-rooms. The first is fitted with a full-sized English board; and in this room is the famous orchestrion which Madame Patti-Nicolini bought in Switzerland for 3,000/. It plays over eighty tunes, and is the most complete instrument of its kind ever made. Leading out of this room is the French Billiard Room and Music Gallery; the billiard-board is very elaborately carved, and was made in America. In this room are a number of cues presented to Madame Patti by some of the best-known American players. On a table near the window is a very beautiful antique silver casket, given by the Vienna Academy of Music. The Music Gallery is approached by a flight of steps, and looks over the billiard-room; on its banisters are two trophies of arms, and facing the gallery is the armour in which Madame Patti acted as Joan of Arc.

Before leaving this end of the house Madame Patti's Boudoir should be visited. It stands to the west of the billiard-rooms, and is a small but lofty apartment; the furniture is of ebony, and the chairs are covered with stamped crimson velvet. The chief object of interest is the collection of photographs of crowned heads and members of the nobility, presented by those whom they represent. Over the piano hangs a portrait of Madame Patti, painted by Mr. Sant, and presented by the Committee of the Hospital for the Throat, which has so greatly benefited by her munificence. The *etagères* and cupboards are full of gifts, including gold and silver ornaments, Dresden china, tambourines delicately painted, wreaths of gold, and jewellery of every description. The members of the family generally assemble in this room before going to dinner. The dining-room, which is at the opposite end of the hall, is a small apartment, and is only used when there is no company. At the further end of this room, and descending a few steps, is the conservatory, the most-used room in the Castle. It is a large, well-lighted, oblong apartment; in it Madame Patti keeps her parrots, four in number—three very loquacious grey birds, and a surly green one, who, although he possesses conversational powers, thinks it beneath his dignity to converse with strangers; two or three canaries, a squirrel, and "Riky," a small Mexican dog, are kept here, and constitute the pets of the celebrated songstress.

When the weather is wet the guests can sit in this apartment—which is built with regard to the views it commands—and enjoy the scenery without exposure to the trying climate. It is used for lunch and dinner, breakfast always being served in the bedrooms.

The castle was bought by Madame Patti-Nicolini in 1878, and the greater part of the time she is resting from her labours is spent here. Rising between eight and nine in the morning, she busies herself with her correspondence, while M. Nicolini goes out fishing or shooting, both of which sports can be enjoyed within a few yards of the house. At twelve *déjeuner* is served in the conservatory; this being concluded, and the weather being fine, a

number of carriages are placed at the disposal of the guests, who, led by Madame Patti and M. Nicolini, make excursions into the neighbourhood, returning in time to dress for dinner, which is served at seven or half-past. At the conclusion of this meal, which lasts about one hour, the guests retire to the billiard-room, where coffee is handed round, and the orchestrion wound up. "Ladies' Pool," a unique game, is then played, which lasts until eleven o'clock, at which time all in the Castle retire for the night. The building is lighted throughout with gas, and the principal rooms with electric light, both manufactured on the premises. As might be expected, a house in so lonely a place, and full of so many costly objects, is well protected against thieves, but such a thorough method has, perhaps, never been carried out; all the shutters and doors are connected by patent burglar alarms, so that if they are pushed open, no matter how slightly, the whole house is made aware of it; each night at dusk the dogs are let loose in the park, and if during the night there should be any unusual commotion among them, Prince, a dog of enormous strength and ferocity, who is kept in a cage in the garden, is let loose by an electric communication with the steward's room, and if the burglar does not at once give himself up he will run a much harder fate in the clutches of this ferocious animal.

While Madame Patti is residing at the Castle, there is a staff of from thirty to forty servants governed by Mr. Heck, who takes the part of steward of the house and estate; he also has the charge of the lighting and heating of Craig-y-Nos. Fratlein Caroline Bauermeister, who has been with Madame Patti for twenty-three years, has charge of her presents and wardrobe, an office of no little responsibility, when the enormous value of the various objects is taken into consideration, the wardrobe alone containing over three hundred dresses.

It is impossible to stay long at Craig-y-Nos without being struck with the way in which Madame Patti has ingratiated herself in the hearts of those who surround her; the domestics serve her with a devotion rarely seen at the present day, and there is not a cottager for miles who has not benefited by her goodness, or who does not feel thankful for her presence in the neighbourhood.—The views are all from sketches made on the spot.

H. C. BREWER



GRACE AGUILAR is so well known, and so valued by a large class of readers, that we need not do more than name her latest work, "Women of Israel" (Routledge). Her aim is to illustrate not only the past history and present duties, but also the future destiny of Hebrew women. That "Christianity is the sole source of female excellence" she by no means believes; and she is very indignant at the assertion that the Mosaic law cares less for women than for men. The very opposite is, she thinks, the fact; and she ingeniously explains away the thanksgiving in a Jew boy's morning prayers that he was not born a woman. Her estimate of some of the women of Scripture, of Abigail for instance, differs widely from that of many Christians. We cannot think of Abigail as "woman in her noblest and purest character." Spirituality should, Grace Aguilar says, be the aim of Jewish women; and she looks forward to the day when, duly spiritualised, the race shall deserve to be restored to Jerusalem, and to speak Hebrew. She is quite right in noting that in the bad old days not Jewish women only, but all—"except the baronial classes," were treated with the same brutality.

Mr. (or Mrs.?) A. R. Cooke touches, in "What the Gospel has Done for the Working Classes" (Wells Gardner), the same chord which Mr. Balfour struck at the Manchester Church Congress. "Altruism, or considerateness for others," he holds to be, "a purely Christian conception; and the Secularism, the Positivism, and the Communism of the hour owe all their force to the Christianity that is in them." He surely goes too far when he says, "No other religion or philosophy ever produced Altruism;" and, so far from believing in the Rights of Man, he finds that "it is in the natural order of things for the many to be oppressed by the few; and, in pre-Christian times, the completer the civilisation, the more wretched was the lot of the masses."

In the life of "Augustus Short, First Bishop of Adelaide" (Wells Gardner), Mr. Whittington does not confine himself to the thirty-four years' episcopate. He begins with Westminster, "to the harsh discipline of which the Bishop owed much of the hardness that stood him in good stead in his early Adelaide life." He used to say he owed everything to God and Queen Elizabeth. Bishop Short, when Vicar of Ravensthorpe, was mixed up in the Tractarian controversies. His friendship for Dr. Pusey, who had been his fellow pupil under his cousin, the Rev. Vowler Short, led him to write an *apologia* for "Tract XC." and not long after, when four colonial Bishoprics were founded in 1847, chiefly by the help of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, he was appointed to Adelaide. Then followed the quarrel between Bishops Gray and Colenso, which opened up the whole question of Episcopal Letters Patent. It was decided that the Crown has no power to create Bishoprics with territorial and ecclesiastical jurisdiction in colonies which have representative institutions. In 1867 Bishop Short writes:—"The colonial Churches are no longer *quasi* parts of the Established Church;" and Lady Burdett-Coutts seriously anticipated that her endowments would revert to herself. Probably the views of both would be altered by the Pan-Anglo-Jean Synod. Bishop Short's notes on the Aborigines are valuable. Facts like this: "A native married to a white settler has taught him to read, and keeps her cottage in excellent order," show that more might have been made of the natives had there been more whites like the Bishop and Mr. King. Unhappily, most often "the blacks are counted as a pariah caste, and defrauded of their fair wages." In a Diocese where some of the "squatters' runs" were as big as two English counties, there were naturally difficulties which taxed to the utmost the Bishop's organising powers. He had also to contend with the apathy of the "pastoral magnates" contrasting with the often self-denying zeal of smaller men. Very interesting is his attitude towards Nonconformists and his intercourse with Mr. Binney. Altogether, the volume is much more readable than most lives of modern Bishops.

Mr. Murray Mitchell's "Foreign Missions of the Protestant Churches" (Nisbet) should be read along with Canon Isaac Taylor's recent paper on "The Great Failure of Missions." It is to be noted that the Canon freely admits the value of missions to savages and semi-savages. Darwin came to recognise this in the case of the Fuegians, to whom no one but a missionary would have had the patience to teach the rudiments of culture. "Tibet, with its fantastic form of Lamaism," says Mr. Mitchell, "has hitherto been all but inaccessible to evangelical effort;" nor will it be less so after our peremptory mode of forcing our way into a country which desired to remain at peace, but to be let alone.

"Tropical Africa" (Hodder and Stoughton), which we ought to have noticed long ago, is a proof of the versatility of the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Mr. H. Drummond is "a minor traveller," but he has lectured much on his subject both in England and in America. With a pleasant hit at the long-windedness of travel-book writers, he points out that he, instead of giving us three volumes and a map, limits his notes on East Central Africa to three or four maps and a volume. He forgets that no one would grumble at three, or even four, volumes by Mr. Drummond. However, we are thankful for what he does give, a foretaste of

which ("The White Ant" and "Mimicry") had appeared in a magazine. We recommend the geological chapter and map, and also the "political warning," showing what strange pranks Portugal plays in connection with vast districts to which she has not the shadow of a claim. "British mission-stations are working at high pressure on the Shiré Highlands, on the shores and islands of Lake Nyassa, &c.," said the Rev. H. Waller, editor of Livingstone's Journals, and, by a private agreement with Portugal, Germany threatens to swallow up all these settlements, schools, churches, &c.; "to-morrow it may be too late to mark off this spot as henceforth sacred ground." Surely, when we read Mr. Drummond on "the heart-disease of Africa," how "among the simple, unprotected tribes, Arabs, uninvited strangers from North and East, pour in, with the deliberate purpose of making this paradise a hell" (see the engraving in *The Graphic* of September 29th), we shall feel that Tibet might well stand over while we act on Mr. Drummond's suggestion, and form armed depots on the healthy plateaux round the Lakes (a few Sikhs or Pathans would be enough), and thus pacify the entire Equatorial region. "The expense," he says, "could be borne by the Missions; but it is not their province to employ force." Germany or Portugal might object, but this would depend on how the thing was done; besides, "it is time the nations looked on Africa as something more than a chess-board."



"THE ROMANCE OF A SHOP," by Amy Levy (1 vol.: T. Fisher Unwin), is presumably its author's first work of fiction; and, on that presumption, is of considerable promise. She has the power, by no means an ordinary one even with novelists of mark, of giving distinctness to her characters, so that one could tell at once who was speaking without any further key than a word or two, when his or her acquaintance has once been made. This is notably the case with the three sisters whose sisterhood is none the less unmistakable, and who live and work together under the same conditions. Their individual uniqueness in their family likeness is exceedingly well rendered. No doubt there are symptoms of portraiture throughout the story: but this only makes whatever success it has the more conspicuous, seeing that nothing is so difficult, in the whole art of fiction, as actual portraiture: nothing—paradoxical as the assertion may seem—is so almost certain to give an air of unreality. Possibly that is one reason why, despite the excellence of its character-drawing, one rises from "The Romance of a Shop" with a certain impression of general improbability, even although no single situation or incident can be called improbable. In itself, the story is not very agreeable; but it is treated sympathetically and with a promising degree of vigour and trenchancy, so that the result is interesting. Moreover, there is at least one genuinely dramatic scene—that in which poor foolish Phyllis is parted from her despicable lover, who has magnetised her by the force of his selfishness and vanity. We are glad that Amy Levy has not mistaken feeble-minded self-indulgence for manly strength, after the manner of lady novelists in general. Her novel gives not only promise for the future, but much present interest and pleasure.

Reading "The Mystery of Askdale," by Edith Heraud (1 vol.: Digby and Long), gives rather a singular sensation. For the first few pages one finds oneself in the period of "Anon," "I ween," and other symptoms of "Once Upon a Time." Nor is the impression, though momentarily rendered doubtful by an allusion to "grog," weakened by fireside talk, by blazing faggots, about a mysterious "White Lady." The period, however, seems to advance with the pages until we are almost sure that it is meant to refer to the present century, if not to the present decade. On the whole, however, the way in which the various persons act, and especially the extraordinary way in which they talk, belongs to no period that is, has been, or ever will be. The story belongs to the "Castle of Otranto" school—a little in manner, but chiefly in its being based upon a seeming ghost-story, finally accounted for by violently crude means. There is also a wonderful blind girl, who talks like a book, and a startlingly prompt oculist, who cures her in a few minutes, with the assistance of a barmaid, while a murderer considerably drops in at the crucial moment, in order that he may be identified. Fiction like "The Mystery of Askdale" was once plentiful, but the doctrine of the survival of the fittest fully accounts for its extinction.

Not until quite the other day was the name of the late Rev. Edward P. Roe known in this country. Many people, however, are now aware that, judging popularity by superficial measure, he is perhaps the most popular novelist in the world; that, at any rate in the United States, which is the very "readingest" of nations, the Rev. Edward P. Roe counts his readers by thousands where authors of more classic reputation count theirs by tens. Of course critics are supposed to be versed in all books; and therefore we must accept all the stigma attaching to the confession that in "Miss Lou" (1 vol.: Ward, Lock, and Co.) we have made our first acquaintance with the world-famous works of the late Rev. Edward P. Roe. Naturally, we approached it with curiosity; and our curiosity has been amply satisfied. The author of "Miss Lou" was bound to be enormously popular. It does not outrage illiterate tastes by any gift of style—quite the contrary. It abounds in platitudes which positively cry to be marginally annotated as "How beautiful!" "How true!" It reproduces the negro of Uncle Tom in the dialect of Uncle Remus. Its humour is based on spelling; its sentiment on twaddle; its plot upon many other plots; and it might be read in families where ordinary fiction is tabooed. Whether the English book-market is to be flooded with the works of the Rev. Edward P. Roe we know not. But, if so, an immense and somewhat neglected portion of the reading public has evidently a huge treat in store.

Most authors, we suppose, who have made any sort of reputation have been guilty of tales, sketches, and verses, which are best left in the oblivion of the magazines—those modern substitutes for the ancient table-drawer. It may well be that a work of the slighter sort is too marketable for the waste-paper basket, and yet not good enough to challenge attention in a regular volume. The stories collected by E. Walford under the title of the first of them, "Her Great Idea" (1 vol.: Sampson Low and Co.), are essentially of this unsatisfactory order. No doubt they served their original purposes reasonably well: but, in their present form, they have very much the air of sweepings. There is little use in criticising tales which are distinctly below the average of even Christmas fiction, beyond suggesting that E. Walford's reputation is too high for suitable association with things not worth reprinting, and not high enough for her to risk it by putting her name to them.

Turgeneff's story, published under the forbidding title of "The Unfortunate One" (1 vol.: Trübner and Co.), has previously appeared in an English dress, for some unaccountable reason. It is certainly not calculated to give either interest or pleasure to persons who, reading English only, are unfamiliar with whole regions of thought and feeling which are absolutely untranslateable: while those who can go to the Russian, or at any rate to the French version, will be the last to appreciate the cruelties of Mr. Thompson's style. A confusion between "Jacobites" and "Jacobins" may not strike some people as so very bad in itself; but it seems to open a terrible vista of muddle which the result, as a specimen of literary workmanship, goes far to justify. On the whole, however, it is not the translator's fault that two versions of "The Unfortunate One" are two too many.

## A NEW DEPARTURE.

The publishers of one of the leading society papers of London have taken to analysing some of the leading patent medicines, also to investigating their published testimonials, with the result of creating quite a commotion among certain proprietors. Injurious effects likely to follow the use of patent medicines, published testimonials given from addresses which only exist in the mind of a clever writer in the company's employ, are fully exposed. Suits for heavy damages have been threatened by the proprietors of the remedies thus exposed. Injured innocence puts on a bold front, but the publishers of the paper in question do not frighten easily; they have taken up a question of vital interest to the public, and they propose to turn on the full light of intelligent investigation. One most excellent feature of this exposure is, that the public are enabled to discriminate between worthless nostrums and those really good remedies. The publishers evidently take this view of the question, for their last investigation is a most flattering one for the proprietors of that noted remedy St. Jacobs Oil. The following is the report, headed—"The Verdict of the People of London on St. Jacobs Oil":—

Mr. William Howes, civil engineer, 66 Red Lion Street, High Holborn, W.C., was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using the contents of two bottles all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health.

Mr. C. H. Palmer, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and Overseer of the District of Islington, said:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain."

Mr. Edward Peterson, electric light engineer, 36 Whetstone Park, W.C., said:—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil. I was completely used up with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders; a few good rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away."

Mr. Henry John Barlow, of 4 Staples Inn Buildings, Holborn Bars, W.C., said:—"I had rheumatism in my feet and legs, which became so bad that I was hardly able to walk. St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and completely cured me."

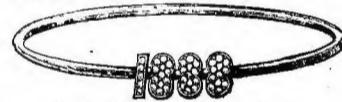
Mrs. Wolfsberger, matron of Moore Street Home for Poor, Crippled, and Orphan Boys, 17 Queen Street, Edgware Road, said:—"That St. Jacobs Oil has been used in the Home, and that it is powerful in relieving neuralgia and general rheumatism."

Mr. Charles Cartwright, of No. 7 Alfred Place, Bedford Square, W.C., said:—"Having for years been a great sufferer from rheumatism in my limbs, I used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me directly, after other remedies had signally failed."

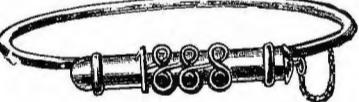
Henry and Ann Bright, hon. superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say:—"That St. Jacobs Oil has proved unfailing; that rheumatism and neuralgia have in every case been removed by using the Oil, and many old ladies, some of them ninety years old, instead of tossing about in agony, now enjoy good night's rest through its influence."

Mr. N. Price, of 14 Tabernacle Square,

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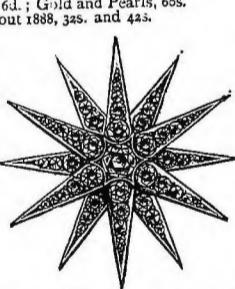
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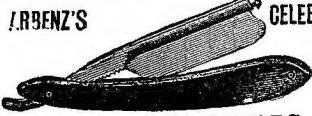
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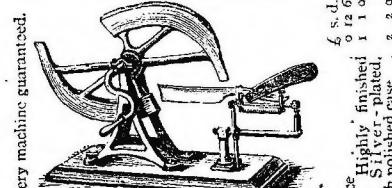
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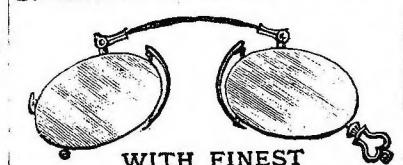
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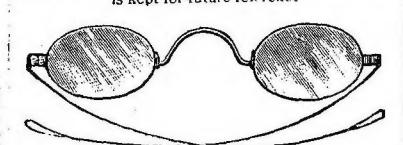
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